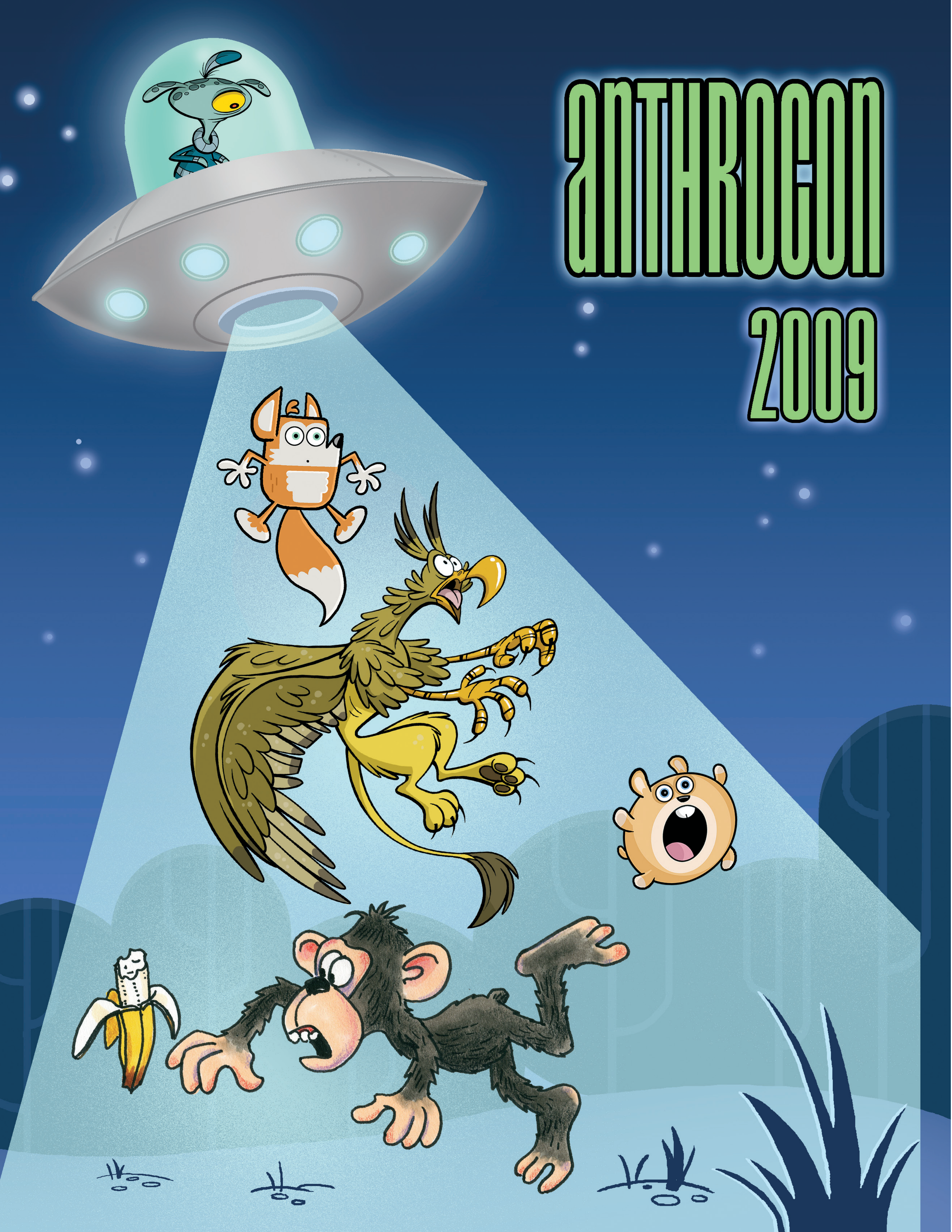
anthrocon

2009



OMG
ALIENS!
2009
ANTHROCON
Pittsburgh, PA July 2-5
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The outside cover is a collaborative work by Anthrocon 2009 Guests of Honor: Ben Balistreri, Bob Boyle, and Joe Harris.

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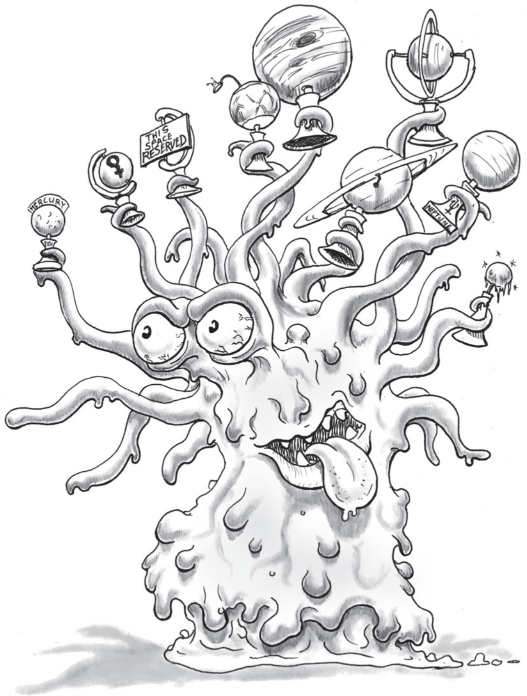
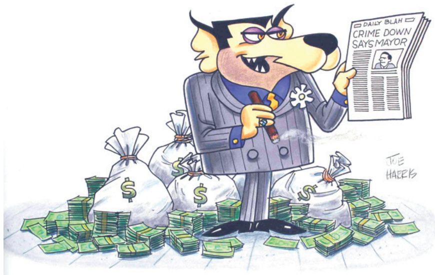
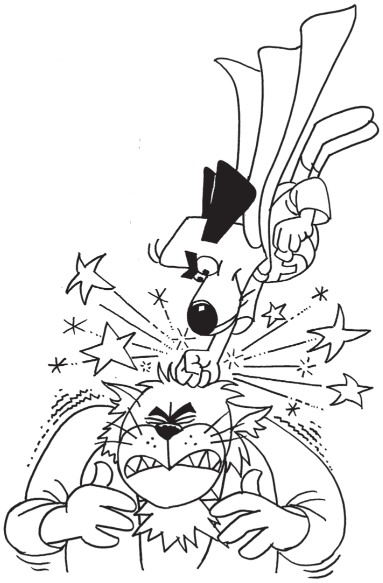


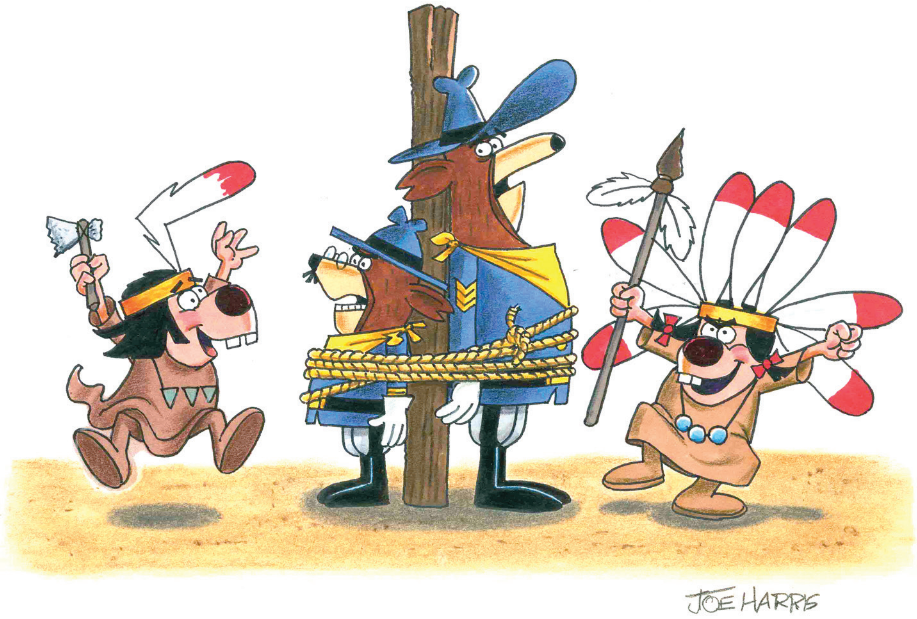
Anthrocon 2009 Guests of Honor

Joe Harris

Mr. Harris started out in the advertising business where he found himself supervising all of the animation projects for General Mills, and so it was in 1959 that he introduced the Trix Rabbit to breakfast tables the world over. One character that first appeared on his drawing board was meant at first to be an advertising icon, but went on to a far more storied career as a superhero: UNDERDOG! Joe went on to become one of the founders of Total Television Productions, which introduced a host of classic cartoon characters whose exploits have delighted three generations of animation fans, such as Tennessee Tuxedo, Klondike Kat (for our friends up north), King Leonardo, and Commander McBragg. Joe is truly a pioneer in the world of "Furry" animation, and Anthrocon is both pleased and honored to have him as our guest.







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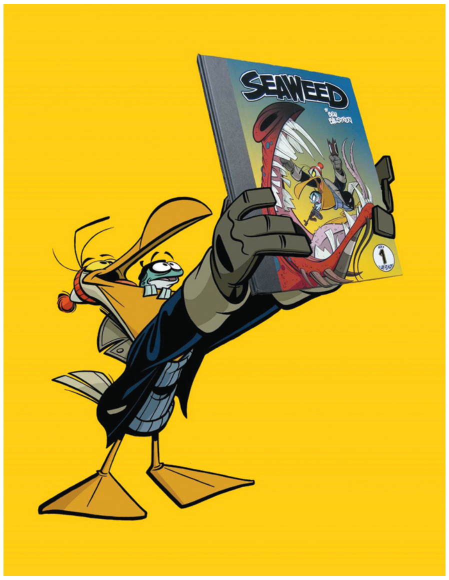
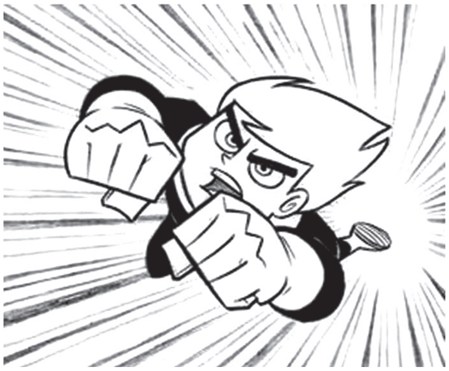
Ben Balistreri

Ben Balistreri has been a character designer and storyboard artist in the animation industry for the past eleven years. He started at Disney TV working as a character designer on shows like *Little Mermaid 2*, *Lady and the Tramp 2*, and *Lion King 1 and 1/2* as well as others. Since then he's worked at Nickelodeon on *Danny Phantom*, did some freelance work on the *"Balto"* sequels for Universal Studios, worked as the design supervisor on *Foster's Home for Imaginary Friends* at Cartoon Network, and is currently a story artist on the up-coming feature film: *How to Train your Dragon* at Dreamworks Animation.

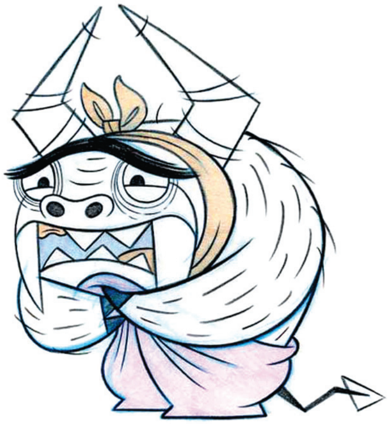
He recently won an Emmy Award for his designs on *Foster's Home for Imaginary Friends* and has been nominated for six Annie Awards for his work on *Foster's*, *Danny Phantom*, and the *Fairly Oddparents* Episode: "Crash Nebula".

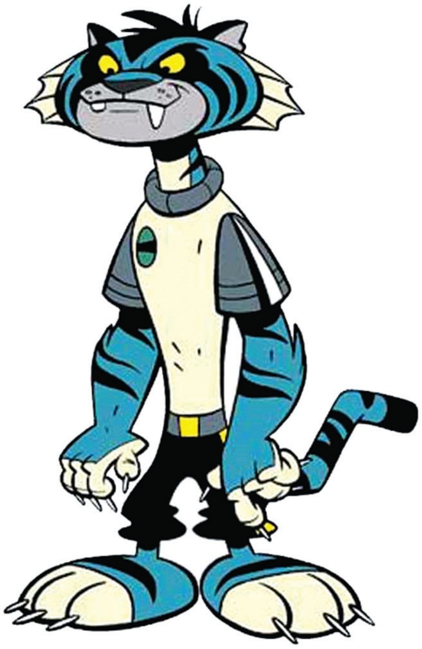


You can see more of Ben's work on his blog: benbalistreri.blogspot.com or order his book at www.saltysugar.com



Ben has recently self published his first graphic novel: *Seaweed and the Cure for Mildew*. *Seaweed* tells the tale of a pirate pelican named Seaweed and his first mate Poisson, (a sardine) as they travel on a high seas adventure to find a hidden book rumored to be written by the Devil.





Bob Boyle

Bob Boyle is the Emmy award winning Creator and Executive Producer of Nick Jr.'s hit show *Wow! Wow! Wubbzy!* and Disney's popular *Yin Yang Yo!*, both of which have been broadcast and licensed successfully around the world.

In these two shows, Bob has created imaginative worlds filled with fantastic creatures.

From the pink and blue rabbits, grumpy panda, and evil cockroach of *Yin Yang Yo!* to the indescribable yellow "creature" with the bendy tail named Wubbzy, Bob has brought to life iconic characters that resonate with viewers young and old.

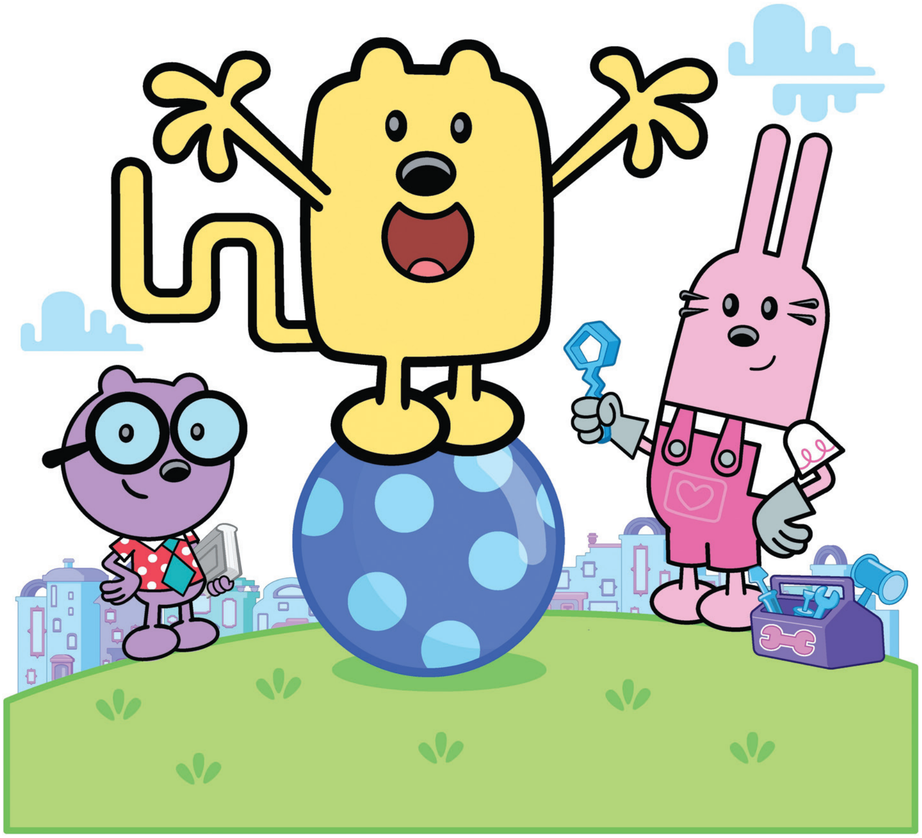
Bob has also created a children's book about a happy Hippo and his friends, which will be published in 2010 by Random House.

Previously, Bob was Producer and Art Director on two successful Nickelodeon series, *The Fairly OddParents* and *Danny Phantom*.

He also worked on Nickelodeon's *Oh Yeah! Cartoons*, where he created, wrote, and produced two original cartoons, *Olly and Frank* and *Kid From S.C.H.O.O.L.*

Trained as an illustrator, Bob began his career as a freelancer in New York selling his work to publications such as *The New York Times*, *Business Week* and *The Nation* before moving to Los Angeles and into animation.

Bob Boyle grew up in Virginia and graduated from Virginia Commonwealth University. He lives in Los Angeles with his wife, Teri Shikasho and a large vinyl toy collection. They have no pets, but are very fond of their stuffed dog and cow.

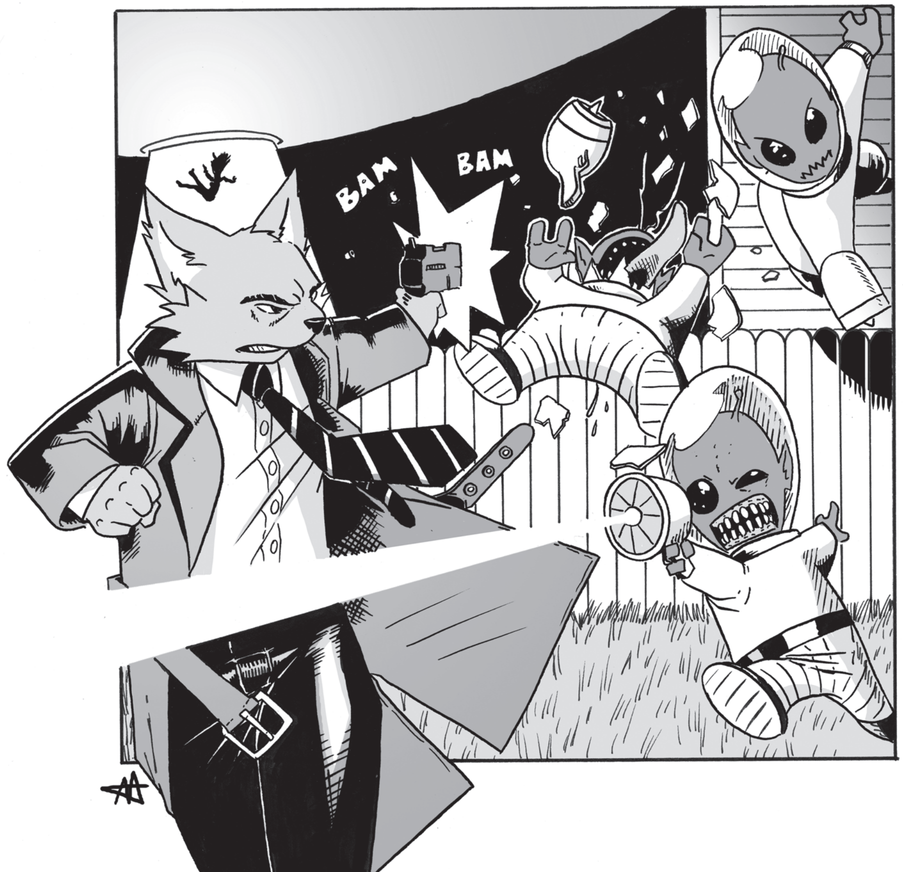


The Exosphere Tango

Christopher Stringari

Generic spaceships come in two styles: sleek and graceful, or bulky and utilitarian. Tsana ships are far from generic. The first thing one notices about a Tsana ship would be that it doesn't very much look like a ship at all: no overt engines, no "metal of the latest trends in see-through metallurgy" faux-wind screens. In fact, it looks more like a very large space tumbleweed, a series of large lighted multicolored tubes winding and weaving together, with large spheres joined at the junctions with luminescent animated graffiti. More surprising would be the apparent lack of weapons, shielding, or military capabilities of any kind. Aren't all space-faring people supposed to have arrays of energy weapons and mana shields to fend off hostile alien forces? For all appearances, the Tsana were sitting targets, easy prey.

These final thoughts were going through the mind of the unfortunately named One Eye McLefty. One Eye was, as one would guess by his name, a space pirate. What one would not guess by his name is that One Eye had two perfectly functioning eyes and that his right hand was quite intact; his full title was One Eye McLefty the Third, and he came from a rather long line of space pirates. His father never quite lived up to the expectations of his name either, but he kept the naming convention alive for tradition's sake. One Eye, early in his career, invested in a translucent eye patch and a fairly nice mechanical glove to wear over his right hand just to keep up appearances. His ship was of the second type in generic spaceship style, also for the sake of appearances; the *Completely Unfailing to Take What It Wants* was clunky, imposing and most of all, at his control. Figuring today might be his lucky day, and that perhaps this wouldn't turn into a fiasco like the incident with the space guppy, he opened a hailing frequency to start making demands.



© Clawed

A party was in progress on the Tsana ship when they received the hailing signal. There was the typical scramble to hide the Cythinian Jewelweed still smoldering in its inhalation apparatus and the barely suppressed giggles and smirks of people who were intoxicated enough to find just about anything funny, especially pretending to be serious for a few moments. Eth'el gave a swift once over before opening the ubiquitous two-way visual coms. First contact always required a bit of decorum.

One Eye was contemplating if anyone was even on board the ship when his signal was answered. He had never seen an interior quite like this before; as odd as the outside of the tubular conglomerate was, the inside was stranger yet. The walls, floors and ceilings were done-up in some sort of vaguely fuzzy padded material. There was no artificial gravity; the person in the main viewing area floated upside-down in relation to the camera. The lighting was multicolored and ever-changing, with pulses, strobes and occasional bits of visual media springing to life in the air; and the music was loud enough to fill One Eye's deck, if it was indeed music. To him it sounded like a computer was not being cooperative in a rather nasty interrogation, and they'd just begun extracting its silicon atom by atom. The other beings were quite a sight, too: mammalian and tailed, they mostly resembled kangaroos, with more of the blunt muzzles of rabbits and slightly more primate like hands and eyes. They had vividly bright, perhaps even glowing, fur; most of it must have been dyed as there were patterns, pictures, some done with fingers, others done with fine detail. The one hanging upside down, five inches from the viewer, was painted in thickly brushed spirals from head to toe. No clothing, none of them.

One Eye's first instinct was to glance away and down to the ground, before remembering that he was supposed to be robbing them. "Excuse me for interrupting... err... whatever it is you folks were doing over there... but I was rather in the neighborhood and noticed that you're unarmed and not moving. It just so happens that we over here are capable of moving, have very large cannons, and aren't afraid to use them. Perhaps we can come to an understanding? You could send over a large amount of precious materials such as water, textiles, conductive or malleable metals, and any informational currency you have on board, and in return we'd be very appreciative."

There was a pause, and One Eye thought perhaps he'd understated himself again. He was always doing that. People wouldn't take him seriously, and then it would come to him having to blow a large section out of their hull, which meant repairs later on when he salvaged it. With energy costs as high as they were in his home sector, every time he fired that cannon it was like flushing money down the drain. Piracy really wasn't nearly as lucrative as the recruiters at college made it out to be.

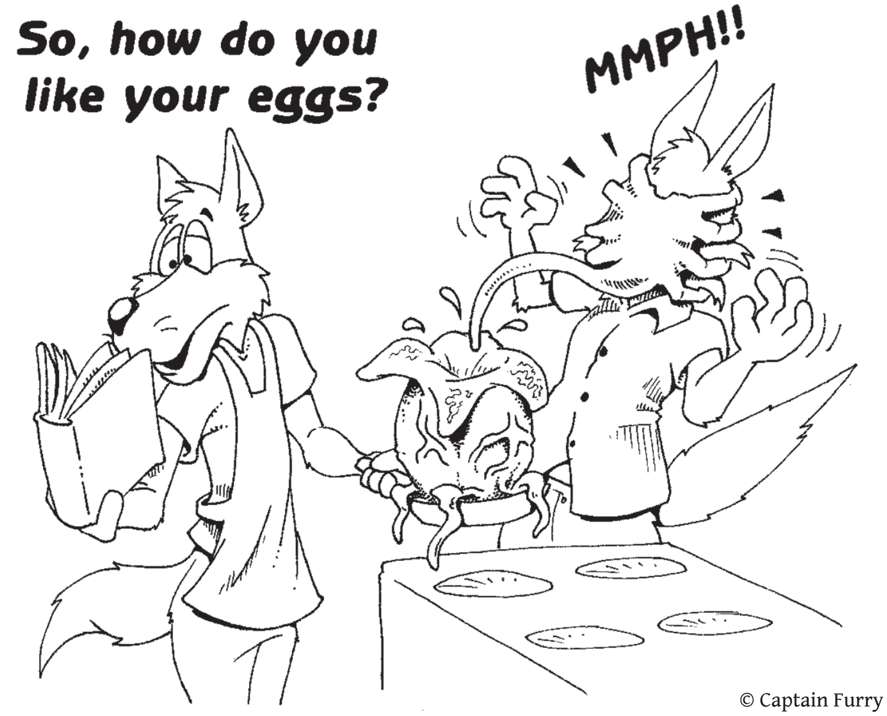
The Tsana started laughing. Hysterically. One Eye merely sighed and shut the viewer down; he really hated this part. Every time he had to power up the cannon, there was that delay. In those few seconds, he'd evaluate his life and wonder if space piracy really was worth it at the end of the day. It didn't even pay that well. People didn't invite him to fancy parties. Overall it was a total killjoy for a social life. Yet, what else was One Eye going to do? His parents insisted on him attending their alma mater, Masterson's Orbital Privateering University. Not much a person can do with a degree in looting except go out there and start stealing ships and goods; One Eye couldn't even fall back on his minor of Space Shanty Studies for anything useful. Finishing this cycle of thought, One Eye flipped the switch and engaged the targeting system, dispensed a quick cup of relaxing tea, then told the system to fire its hellacious payload at the unarmed vessel.

The bolt of energy silently glided through space with the harsh glare that's reserved for highly destructive energy waveforms. It passed right through the hull of the Tsana ship, continued through a few more tubes and connectors, then went off on its ray-like line into infinity, to be dealt with by the laws of thermodynamics at another point. Unusually, at no instance during its travels did it actually do any damage to the Tsana ship. The people on board the main deck had no idea they just were fired at until a few seconds after the shot, and their computer had to inform them of the event. They weren't very surprised; this hadn't been the first time someone had tried it. The Tsana figured that the shooting wasn't a very big priority, though. More important things than being shot at were afoot. The Tsana crew were checking over some fairly hefty lists, wondering...

One Eye and his crew were shocked. Amazed. Flummoxed. They had missed. At the space equivalent of point blank range. Obviously they'd missed: it didn't explode, it didn't twinkle out of existence, it didn't even have the common decency to shudder at the impact, chiefly due to there being no impact at all. One Eye prepared the cannon to fire again, uploading more advanced targeting algorithms, figuring perhaps the aliens had some sort of obfuscation device on board, maybe one of those fancy visual displacers he'd heard about. He'd fix them this time.

Five hours later, One Eye was starting to think maybe he'd let this go on about four-and-a-half hours too long. His weapon batteries were drained; energy from the drives were being channeled to keep life support enabled. They couldn't fire another shot if they wanted. Furthermore, they had missed every time. Sometimes it looked like a direct hit, except that the beam went right through the Tsana vessel like it was an illusion. One Eye grew to be more frustrated and tired then he could ever imagine himself being before. The final shot they could afford to make without putting the last nail in their own coffin sealed it: if he survived the trip home, he was quitting, selling the ship, and getting another job, even if it was frying krill planetside. He just couldn't handle the stress of piracy anymore. He cracked, went loopy, and started opening fire on empty space, his crew humoring him and plotting mutiny. Preparing to turn his ship around and slink off home, he received a hail from the most likely completely imaginary ship. One Eye answered it, even if he was sure that he was making this whole thing up in his head. He figured it might as well solve the issue of if they were real, once and for all.

Eth'el was slowly rotating while speaking to One Eye, "Oh, hi there! We were kinda busy looking something up here. Are you done shooting at us? We wanted to ask a quick question or two before you left. First, do you need some


So, how do you like your eggs?
MMPH!!

© Captain Furry

© chris b. critter

ALIENS? US? IS THIS ONE OF YOUR EARTH JOKES?

© Akira Shima

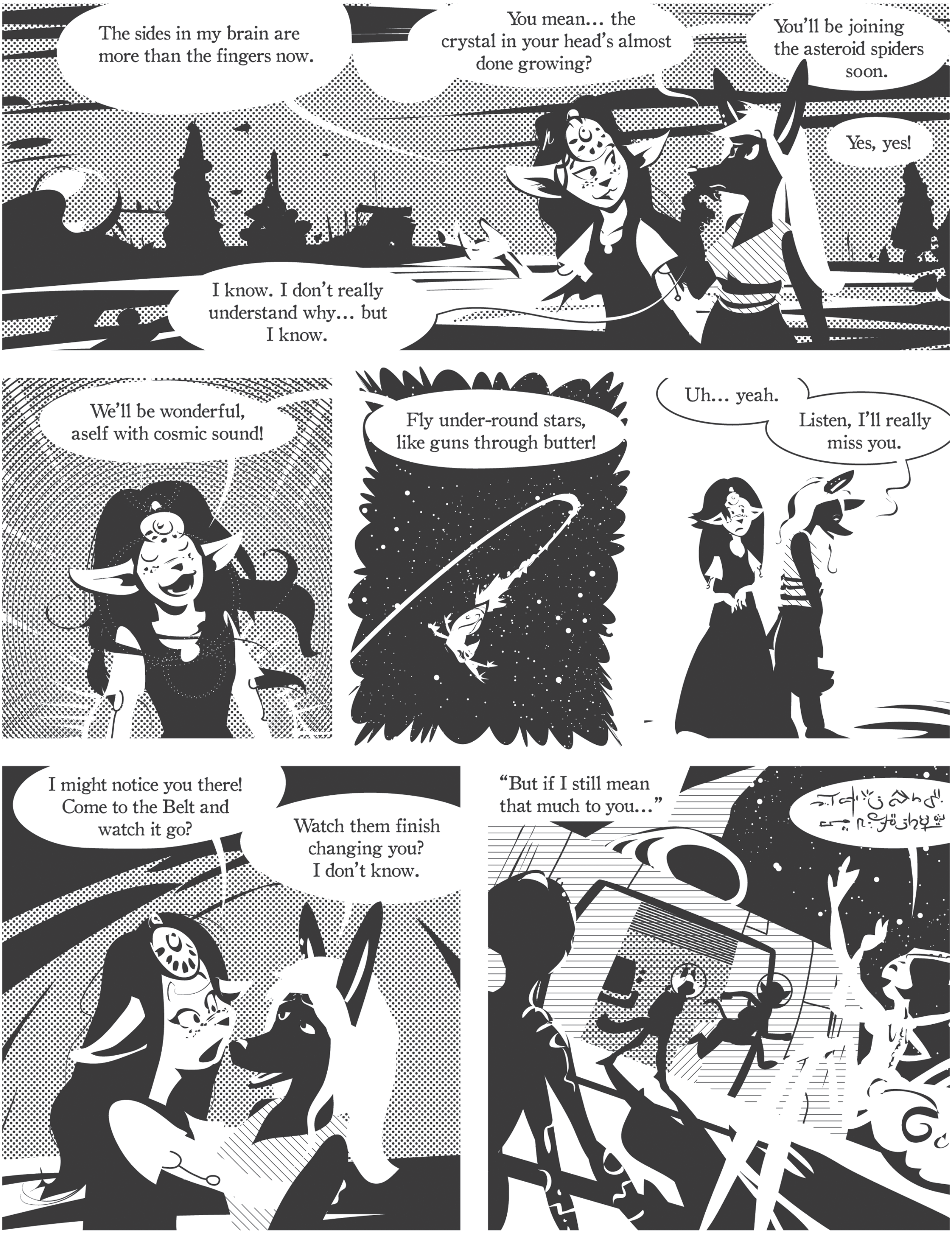
fuel? You probably wasted a whole lot firing that clunky thing at us."

One Eye was, sufficient to say, stunned into silence. He had just tried for a considerable length of time to blow these people to kingdom come and they'd offered to refuel his ship for the trouble. Flabbergasted, he dumbly nodded in agreement, figuring perhaps if he disagreed, they'd react badly to rejected hospitality. God-like super advanced aliens were temperamental things, so said his schooling.

Eth'el looked relieved. "Oh, good, good. I'd hate for you to get picked on by other ships just because of what you were doing earlier. We'll have that shipped over in a jiffy. Lemme just..."

The screen flickered for a moment. Multiple intrusion systems on board started blaring messages stating that something had breached the ship. Energy flooded their warp cores once more, all systems coming back online. One Eye was now certain that they were not a species to be toyed with. If they could teleport matter through the shielding and all the countermeasures to prevent exactly that from happening on board his ship, they could certainly have beamed more than just fuel if angered. Compliance was further on his mind when Eth'el's screen stopped fuzzing over.

Eth'el said, "Ah, we all good to go there? Excellent. Good stuff. Now then, last thing. You're a space pirate, right?" In a stupor, One Eye nodded to the alien, still rather shocked by the events he'd just born witness to. Eth'el practically beamed delight. "Oh, that's awesome. Exactly what we needed. Mind going on a little trip with us? We'll bring you back, safe as houses, don't you worry about a thing, 'kay?" One Eye just kept nodding, and smiling slightly. That's all Eth'el needed. The next thing One Eye knew, he wasn't on the deck of his ship; he was floating in a padded tube with the ailing computer music, and hazy, sweet-smelling air, surrounded by fuzzy fluorescent aliens having some sort of celebration. The only thing One Eye had besides himself and his clothing was a sinking feeling that this was going to be a very long, strange journey.


The sides in my brain are more than the fingers now.
You mean… the crystal in your head's almost done growing?
You'll be joining the asteroid spiders soon.
Yes, yes!
I know. I don't really understand why… but I know.
We'll be wonderful, aself with cosmic sound!
Fly under-round stars, like guns through butter!
Uh… yeah.
Listen, I'll really miss you.
I might notice you there! Come to the Belt and watch it go?
Watch them finish changing you? I don't know.
"But if I still mean that much to you…"

pictures: egypt urnash words: nick brienza part 1 of 4 egypt.urnash.com

Darkness Shines Through

Blitz Wolf

His eyes fly open as he gasps for breath, clutching at his throat with a panic-stricken look on his face. Well, it would if the young fox could even see his face; or anything for that matter.

"What happened," he shouts out to the nothingness that surrounds him. "Where am I?!"

There's nothing but the empty, black abyss to keep the vulpine male company in this instant of terror. His eyes dart this way and that but he cannot find his way out...or in. Dragging knees across the ground, he drops down to all fours to figure out where it is he has been left. His paws find what feels like dirt and rocks but there is no smell to them; nothing to distinguish them without being able to see.

"Okay....okay, Shaun," he says through his hard, heavy breathing; trying to bring back that life-giving air calmly into his lungs once again. "Think it through. You can do this. ... Gah, what happened? Am I blind? Please, please, let this be a bad dream."

There comes a sudden tear that cuts across the denim over his knee before grabbing a paw at the mystery item, a stick protruding from the ground. He gives it a pull, starting to yank up a small root, and drags his claws along the surface to a tree; clutching anything to get himself back up to his feet.

His breathing begins to slow as the young fox starts to relax and think things through. He feels along the various trees, or what he can only assume to be, grabbing and pulling himself by them to move through the darkness that engulfs every inch of his vision. Just as he feels he is making headway through it all, he runs face-first into a wall; a dull, seemingly hollow, wall.

"What?" Shaun quickly asks himself, rubbing his nose at the first scent he catches since waking up; unfortunately, it's his own blood dripping from a nostril. "What is this?" Tapping it with his knuckles, the vulpine can pick up the distinct sound of glass echoing in a dull roar around him. "No! No, no, no!"

His chest begins to rise and fall in rapid succession as panic races through his breaths once more. He moves along the glass wall that seems to be endless, running his paws over it in hopes of finding some way out, any way out. The tapping of his knuckles turns into banging of his fists against the wall that keeps him trapped in the unknown.

Giving up hope of finding a door or any kind of hole to escape, the fox starts to run through the trees, or whatever they were, to try a different route of leaving this darkness behind. As he comes crashing through what feels like a plastic canvas tarp, he falls onto the ground with a low grunt. Slowly lifting his head, the terrified male sees a small amount of light and slowly crawls his way over to it, putting his paw under it to feel no warmth or comfort.

Shaun picks himself up off the ground and covers his eyes a bit from the light like one would to block the sun from view; his paw acting like the brim of a hat. Suddenly, his throat gets caught in mid-breath as he can see a few small holes of light in the dark sky up above him. The fox's ears flatten and he begins to shake his head violently, closing his eyes again as he grabs at the shirt on his chest, as if trying to determine what's real from what is fake.

"It can't be," he screams out and looks up again; slowly opening his eyes. "No! No, it just can't be!" The young vulpine reaches around in the darkness to grab at those so-called trees and the phony rocks again; tearing at them and throwing them out into the empty surroundings as it all comes together in his mind. "Plastic! It's all plastic! And the glass walls and the holes in the sky! I'm...I'm like some wild pet for someone."

With a dull roar suddenly shaking the earth around him, the light becomes brighter through the holes and this makeshift prison begins to rise up; making him feel like a bug in an elevator. It's blinding, too bright for the fox to see who or what had him as its captive. The glass encasement hitting something as it lands and stops, forcing him to fall back flat and look up to these creatures. The light casts a haze around these bulbous beings that seem to surround him; watching him and studying him like a common insect.

"What are you?" Shaun cries out; one of them seeming to respond with his own words. "What do you want?! Tell me!" Once again, his own words just bounce back at him like an echo from another world.

They move around him, turning the obvious jar around to get a better look any time the young male would try to hide from them. One pulls it close to open up the lid, reaching in with a long needle but the tip was glowing red on and off again. The sheer sight of this causes the fox to run for his life; even knowing he wouldn't get very far.

"Get away from me!" He shoves aside the false environment before one piece catches him by the foot and causes him to land hard. The fox somewhat curls up on the ground as he sees this needle coming closer and closer...

His eyes fly open as he gasps for breath, clutching at his throat with a panic-stricken look on his face.

"Whoa, whoa," a voice says as he pushes down gently on the young fox to keep him lying down on his back. "Relax there, buddy."

"What happened," he shouts out to the male wolf trying to hold him down. "Where am I?!"

"Calm down," the other says. "You were in a car accident. I'm a paramedic. See?" The wolf leans up and shows him his name tag. "My name's Robert. Can you tell me your name?"

"Okay...okay...it's Shaun," he manages to mutter out through heavy breathing. "My name is Shaun." The young male starts to calm down, bringing back that life-giving air into his lungs as he turns his head a bit to see all these others wandering around him to sort through the debris of the crash. "What happened? Oh...please, please...let this be a bad dream."

Two other paramedics bring by a stretcher to help lift the vulpine up off the ground, the wolf taking a damp rag to his nose to get the dried blood and dirt from within his nostrils, causing Shaun to whimper in a bit of pain from the broken nose. “I’m afraid it’s no dream, son,” Robert replies as he puts an oxygen mask over his muzzle. “It just looks like you lost control of your car and fell down the embankment here. You’re lucky to be alive, Shaun.”

He finally begins to relax as they carry him up the hill towards the back of the ambulance waiting to take him. As his eyes begin to adjust once more from their haze, he can see the flashing red lights atop the cab of the ambulance. It all starts to come together in his mind. “A dream,” the vulpine male says calmly to himself with a delusional smile crossing his muzzle. “It was all just a dream. No wonder I couldn’t smell anything but my blood. Heh... ‘I’m like a wild pet for someone.’ What was I thinking?”

As he’s loaded into the back of the ambulance, Shaun gently lays his head off to one side to see the older wolf getting in with him; keeping a watchful eye all the while.

“How are you doing, son?” Robert asks as he gets the fox set up for his I.V. drip and ensures the heart monitor is functioning properly.

“I’ve been better.”

The wolf paramedic laughs softly as he sits back and takes him by the paw to give the younger male something to hold onto. “Well, you’re going to be okay, I promise you.”

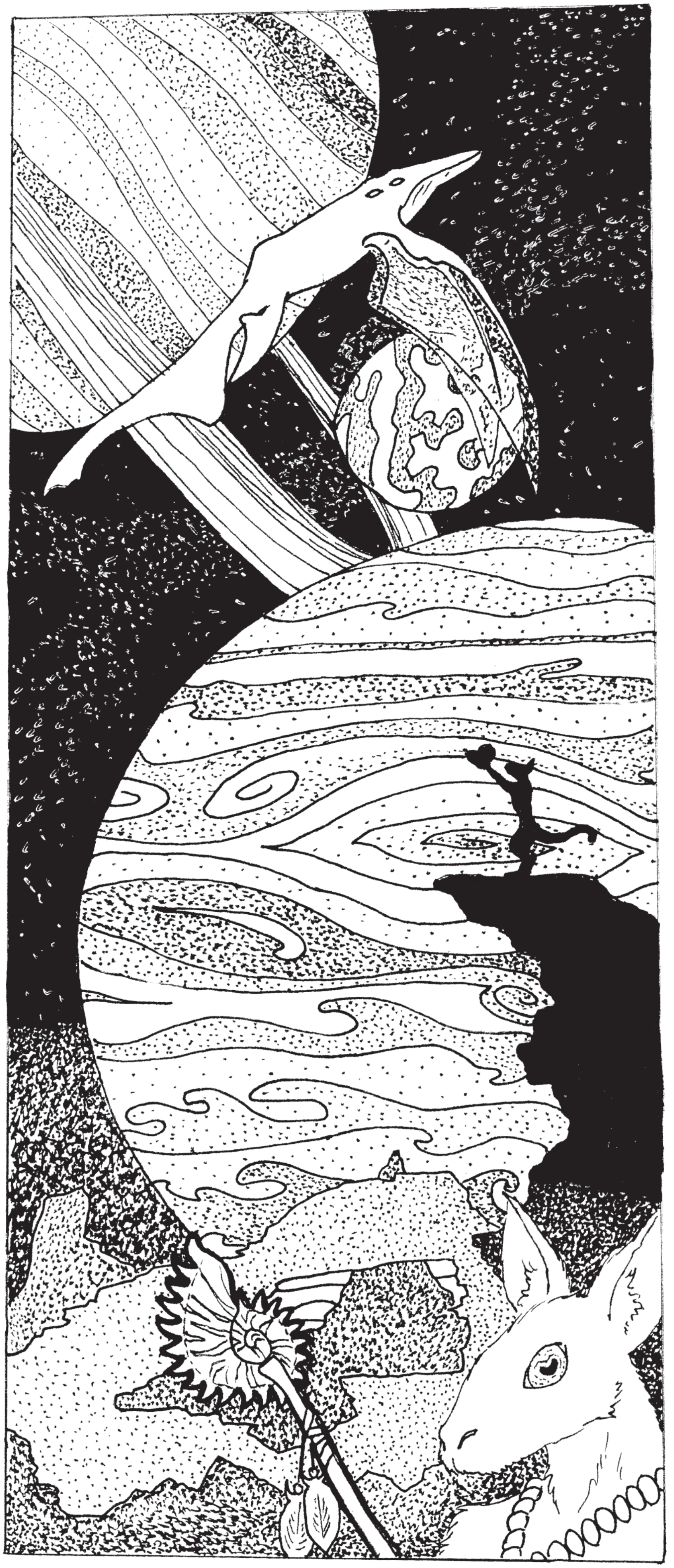
Shawn looks up with a tired smile before nestling his head down into the pillow, gripping the other’s paw back firmly as he starts to rest easy at long last. The fox was still awake at this point, enjoying a friendly voice to talk with until they would get to the hospital.

“Hmm...that’s quite an earring you have there, Shaun.”

His eyes spring open wide with a horrified look upon his face, just staring at the wall of the ambulance. “Wh...What did you say?”

“Your earring,” Robert remarks as he touches it with his free paw. “I like it. Must be expensive to make it light up like that.”

His chest rises and falls heavily as the paw of the vulpine shakes in the grip of the other’s own. He starts to struggle in the restraints of the stretcher, clenching his eyes tightly together while the wolf tries to hold him down; screaming and whining in terror as the ambulance drives off into the distance.



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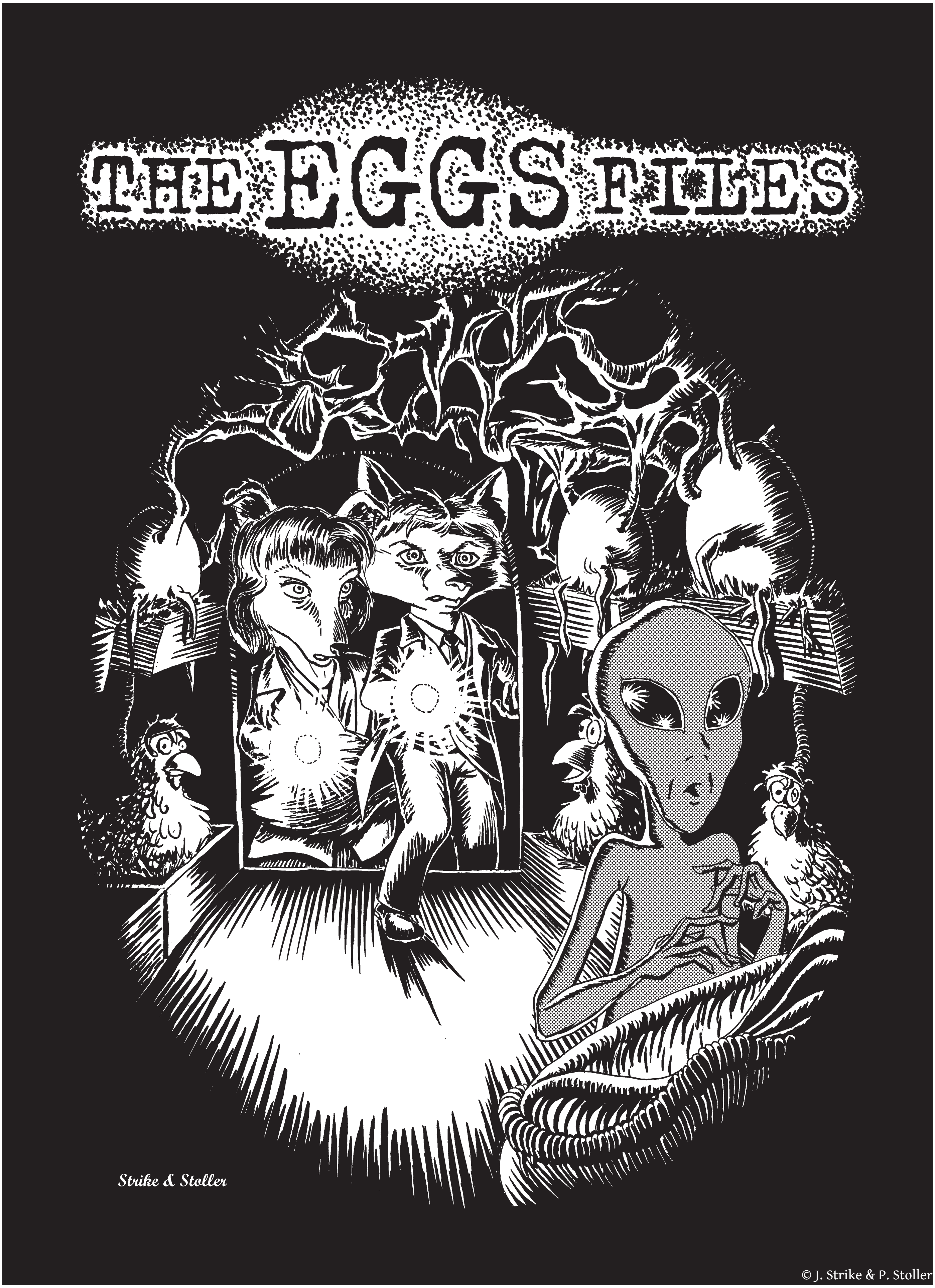

THE EGGS FILES
Strike & Stoller

© J. Strike & P. Stoller

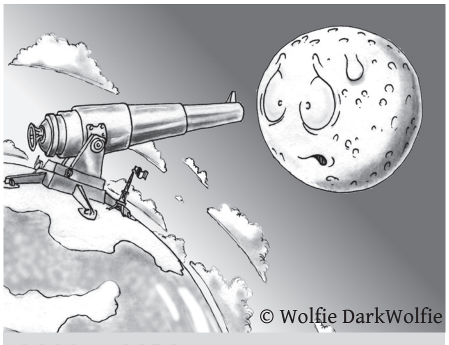
The Peaceful Way

Charles R. de Charleroy, Jr.

We got the call over the high-security QEC (Quantum Entangled Communication) system. There was a weapon hidden somewhere in the Bovlean megapolis, a weapon that not only threatened the immediate area, but the entire planet as well. We could only assume a mad terrorist faction had placed it in revolt against a peace treaty signed between ourselves and an alien species, the Orcinai, a race superficially similar to the Terran cetacean genre, who'd made contact with us the previous year. They seemed to be a totally pacifist people; their ships carried no guns, beam weapons, explosives, or torpedoes of any kind, not even for defense. But they had an incredible grasp of all technology and could quickly understand anything they came across.

Our war-like race of huge, horned creatures seemed to shock them and it took us some time to convince them that we would not attack their planet with our emerging space fleet. We'd achieved successful trans-light warp bubble drive ship tests a few years previously and rapidly began building programs, each of the various world factions attempting to outdo each other as they contacted other civilizations and traded for technology upgrades.

Even with the peace treaty our country signed and, considering we were currently the dominant country, it held a great deal of weight planet-wide, our alien friends remained uncertain of our dedication to maintaining a civil relationship. As part of their protocols, they would never directly act in any situation that erupted between any of our kind, but would only give technological advice such as would benefit purposes of peace. Still, they gave their aid when they felt it was warranted in complex situations such as this, and we'd come to rely heavily on their expertise.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1900 – 1929

In 1902, Georges Méliès made *A Trip to the Moon*, sending wayfarers via a giant cannon to our nearest heavenly neighbor. There, the voyagers landed on a fantasy moonscape populated by frightening and fantastic moon people. Since then, aliens have been part and parcel of science fiction movies, sparking our imagination, scaring us out of our wits, and giving authors, tv and film producers, and artists a chance to see how far imagination can take us.

The Orcinaisian technical advisor, Dulel, whom I'd worked with on several cases involving advanced weaponry being smuggled from other systems, was brought in to help explain the device, which our bomb squad discovered deep within the basement recesses of an outdated and vacated vehicle factory.

"Ah. How intriguing!" he declared as he studied the device. "Are you certain this is the work of a terrorist group? The level of sophistication is quite extraordinary."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It appears to be an artificial singularity weapon," Dulel said with typical Orcinaisian calmness.

"What can that do?" one of the members of the bomb squad asked.

"Oh, it can create a micro black hole of up to a quarter of a planet's mass by bringing out of phase dark matter within the vicinity together into a microscopic point, causing the entire planet to collapse into it," Dulel explained casually. "Naturally, such a small black hole is gravitationally unstable and quickly evaporates, leaving only a burst of radiation before dissipating."

"Oh... is that all," I remarked sarcastically. "Can we shut it down?"

"Yes, yes," Dulel yawned. "The technology is behind it is complicated, but if you can decipher the circuitry, it's a simple device to counter. You only have to find and reverse its charge matrix and it will become functionally useless."

"So, you'll disable it for us?" I asked.

"Now, now! You know the rules," he scolded. "As you have said, you believe this device was built by a terrorist group of your own race. Thus, though I can explain the basics of its function and instruct on how to disable it, I cannot physically aid you."

With a groan, our bomb squad timidly began to poke at the doomsday weapon's inner workings based on Dulel's very simple instructions. The device contained a quantum inverter, which we could only guess inverted particle spin to create antimatter for its energy source... though *how* it worked we had no idea. We could not simply shut the machine off, because if certain containment fields failed in the machine's inner workings, it'd still have enough energy to vaporize the city. So, as he instructed, we worked to reverse the polarity, or something like that, so it would do nothing if it activated while our lab guys worked on its careful dismantling. He deliberately avoided explaining the parts of the weapon that would enable us to learn how to build one ourselves, but he did note, "If you could convince your leaders to open disarmament talks with your other nations, situations like this could be avoided. We could ensure that no highly destructive technology was ever created here."

"And how would you do that?" a squad member asked while swapping a processor network crystal.

"We have our ways," Dulel grinned mysteriously. "Suffice to say, we are not allowed to interfere on that level as long as you're still fighting with each other. But as this technology originates from off your world, and we are now aware that it's here, we are allowed to tell you if someone begins building another of these devices. You won't have to worry about this weapon anymore."

I'd always found their strict adherence to the rules infuriating, though I began to see how their methods worked. It was rather akin to blackmail, but it did drive the point home. At least the polarity reversal went smoothly and we took the device to the military's laboratory in the city for the very careful dismantling procedure.

Dulel followed along and wanted to be present for the procedure, but he was rebuffed at the doors. He seemed more disappointed than annoyed and merely warned that we would do best to dismantle the device and destroy the components. "This technology is too destructive. You should not try to study it."

Actually, I agreed with him.

But the bigwigs didn't. Oh, the military did plan to take the thing apart. But the second part of Dulel's advice was not to be followed. It would be studied piece by piece and used to construct our own version of the weapon; a smaller device that would only destroy enemy nations.

I didn't agree with them.

I could see why the Orcinai still had reservations about a fully cooperative relationship with our people.

I was called in suddenly a day later. "You're a friend of that Orcinai, right?" the commander of the facility asked.

"Well, I know him fairly well," I replied. "Why?"

"Find him now! We can't get in contact with him or any of his kind! It's like they just vanished! That gravity device is putting out some kind of energy field. I thought it was supposed to be deactivated?"

"You didn't take it apart?" I gasped. "Why the hell not? Even if it was deactivated, it's supposed to be standard procedure to dismantle or otherwise destroy dangerous weapons!"

"We couldn't take it apart! Not without destroying the key components of the device's circuitry!" the commander snorted. "The techs found a self-destruct mechanism buried in its core. Any attempt to remove the key circuitry would flood it with high-energy radiation and fry it."

"Then why not just let it fry!" I shouted. "You idiots were that desperate for this thing? You're risking the lives of everyone on this planet!"

"We cannot lose this technology! We have to have every advantage! With a weapon like this, no nation would ever dare attack! We'd end war forever!"

"Or start a new arms race that would end up destroying the world!" I growled as I entered Dulel's personal contact code into the call monitor.

"Ah, it's you, officer," Dulel said softly as his figure appeared.

"Where are you? Where are all your kind? There's no trace of any of them, according to the commander here. We've got a problem with that weapon!"

"Yes," he said. "You didn't dismantle it, as we feared you wouldn't. Therefore, we have all left. Our treaty is now void. We shall have no further alliance with your world."

The room began to shake and we turned quickly toward the large lab view window in time to see the device suddenly release an energy surge and shatter the scaffold holding it.

"What the hell is happening in there?" the commander screamed as the supposed gravity bomb began repelling equipment and technicians at an ever-increasing range until the monitor was thrown violently aside and the image went to static.

The image of Dulel shook its head sadly, "I'm afraid you've failed our little test. You see, we can't attack and subdue races we feel could be dangerous to the peace in our galaxy. However, we've found a much better way in any case. We send down a powerful anti-gravity device and tell them it's a singularity weapon..."

"My god... exactly the opposite of what it really is..." I stammered, suddenly getting their plan.

"Ah, you were a clever one, Officer," Dulel sighed. "It's a shame you didn't realize sooner."

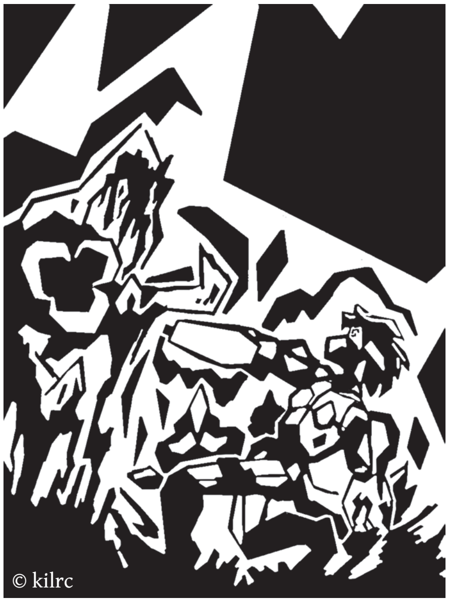
"What?" shouted the commander. "Realize what?"

Dulel merely sighed again, "We can't have violent races spreading their wars. Ah well, there are enough of you off world to salvage your species. Those who remain will learn only that you were trying to create a terrible weapon and it destroyed your planet. Our council is certain that information will end the thirst for violence in your remaining people. Goodbye." The screen went dark and we felt the ground tremble.

Rushing to the window, we watched in horror as a spherical emptiness expanded toward us from the testing facility, cracking and up-heaving the earth and throwing buildings and large boulders of bedrock away from itself.

"We did this, Commander. We did this to ourselves. It was a test, and we got a score of zero! Dulel was disappointed when he learned you guys ordered the machine studied when it activated to reverse-engineer the technology," I growled, furious that I hadn't acted on my instinct to destroy the damned thing even with the punishment I'd have received. "Don't you get it? The reason they totally withdrew? It was *anti-gravity*! Not gravity! Everything was built in the reverse manner it would have to be for a gravity weapon! We didn't shut down the weapon; we turned it on. The ultimate weapon was the trap and we fell for it!" I grabbed the commander's coat and shook him as a stunned expression spread over his face. "It was built so that if we'd destroyed it, nothing would have happened! They didn't need to attack to stop us, because they knew we'd destroy ourselves!"

It was a brilliant insight on my part. Of course, it didn't really matter anymore as our planet was torn apart and drifted off into the vastness of space.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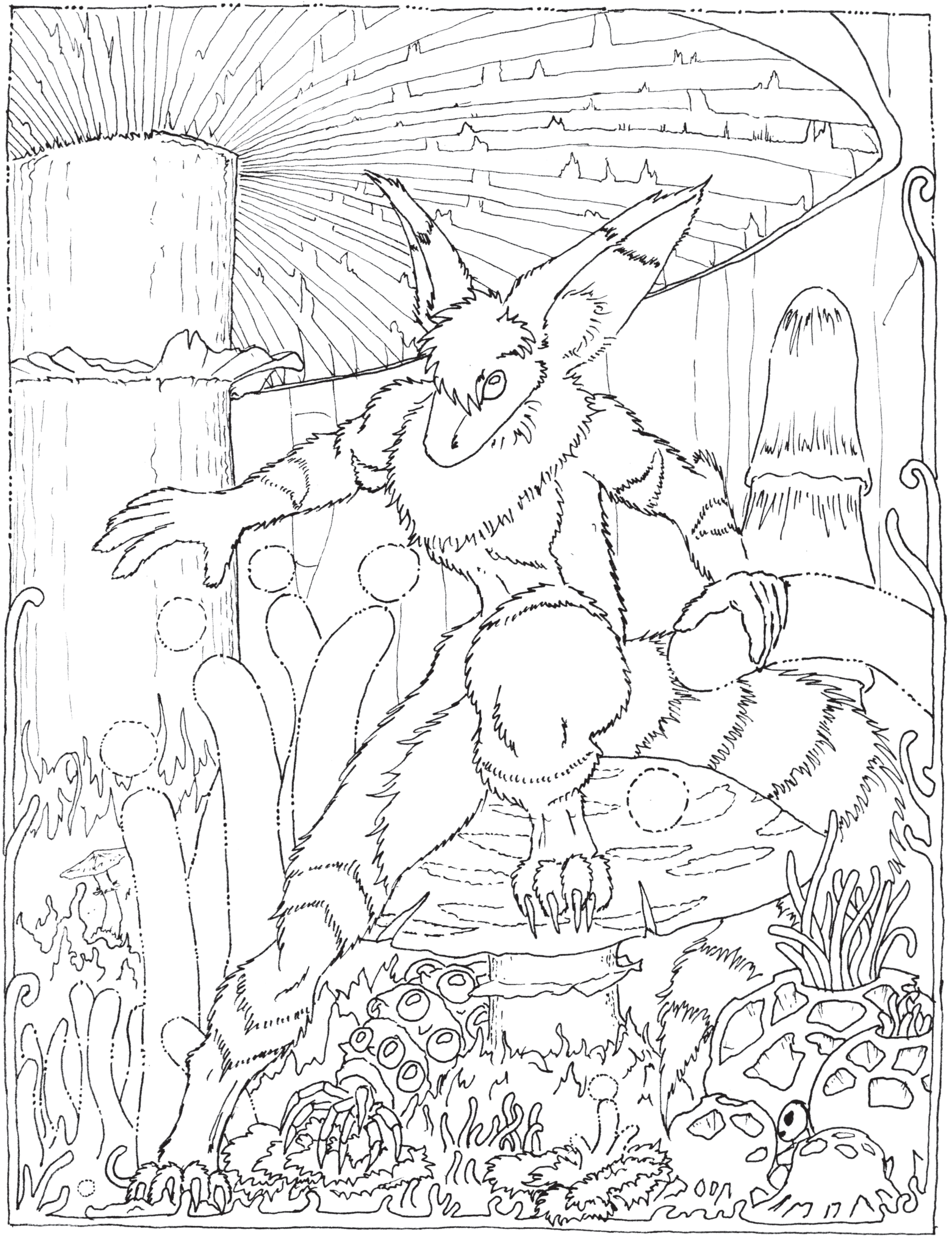

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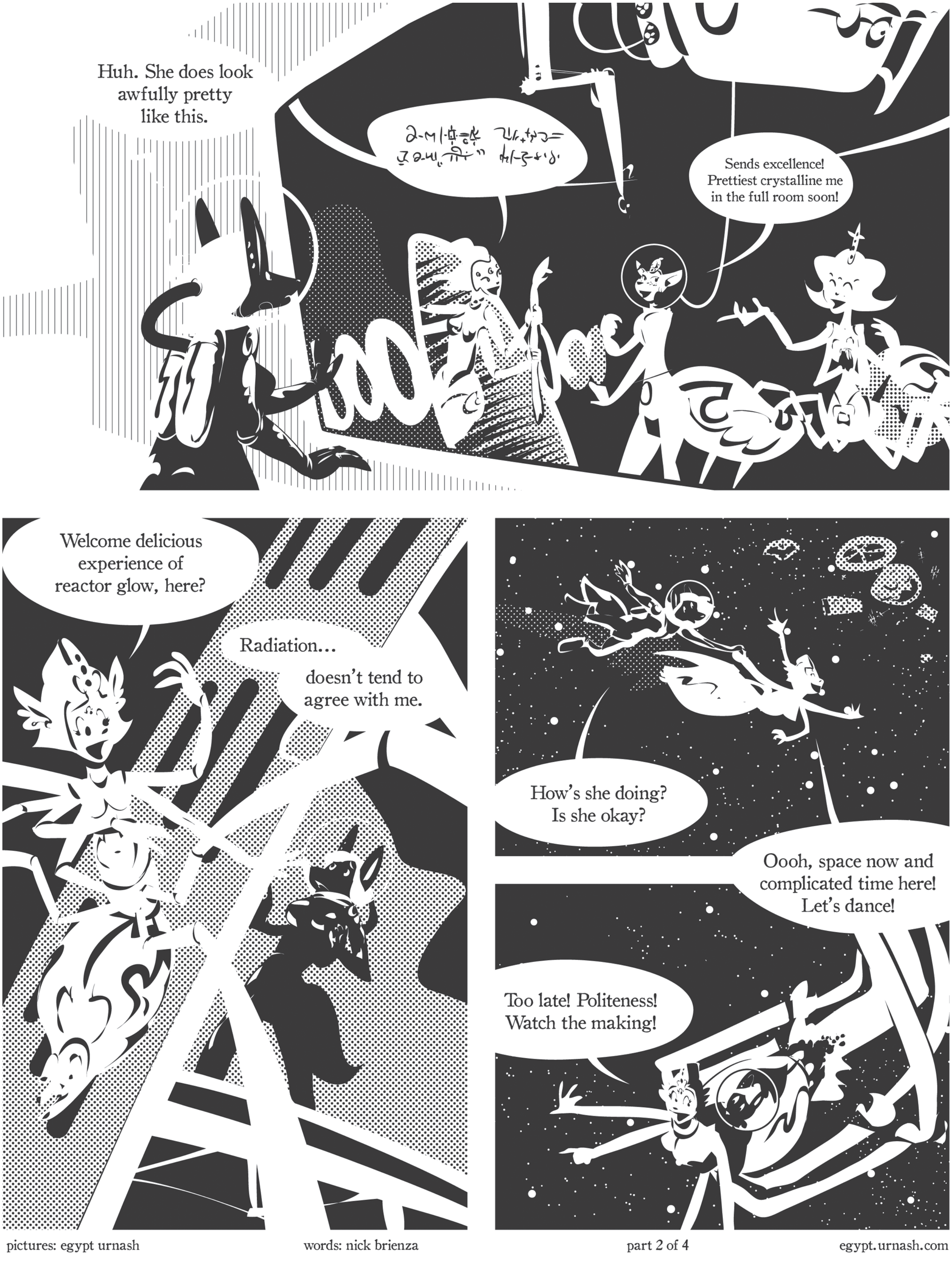

Huh. She does look awfully pretty like this.
Sends excellence! Prettiest crystalline me in the full room soon!
Welcome delicious experience of reactor glow, here?
Radiation…
doesn't tend to agree with me.
How's she doing? Is she okay?
Oooh, space now and complicated time here! Let's dance!
Too late! Politeness! Watch the making!

pictures: egypt urnash words: nick brienza part 2 of 4 egypt.urnash.com

Looking at the Stars

Metassus

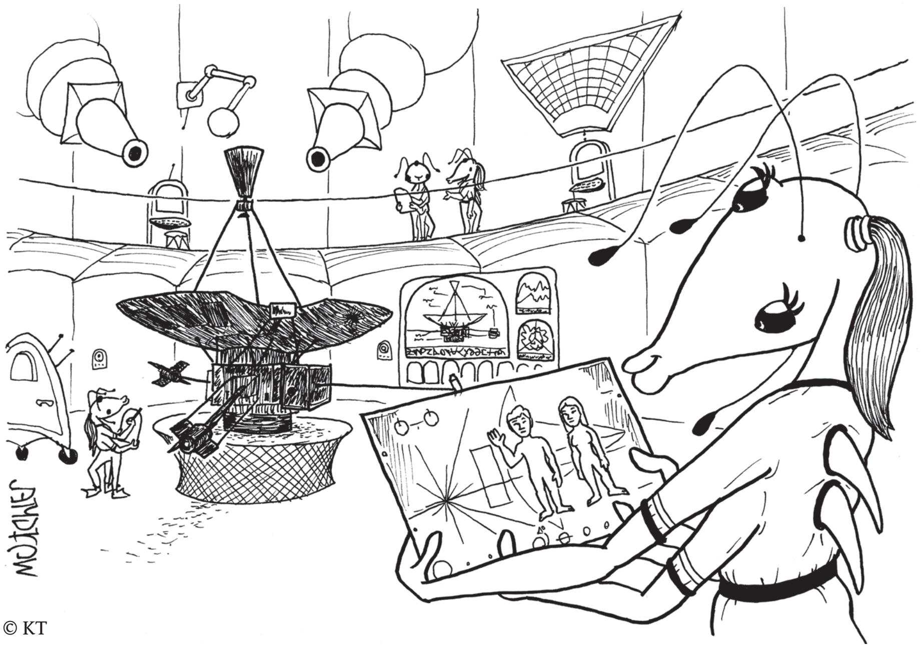
The conference was in full swing: three days of theories, suppositions, controversy, arguments and counter-arguments from the leading scientific lights of the day. The Greats had gathered from all over the world: visionaries such as DeMere, dreamers like Bjoernsson; realists (lead by the persuasive and charismatic MacCulla), and the bumblers, like Thomas.

Thomas was universally known as a grade-A bumbler and he knew it for a fact, having been reminded daily for twenty-seven years by his wife, Bella, whose devotion had kept him out of trouble on countless occasions.

“Oh, Tom, you big dumb brute of a bear! I leave you alone for five minutes, and you go and say something that gets them all riled again.”

Her resigned words were the same each time. Quietly and calmly, she would then guide him to the doldrums of the hotel’s foyer, whilst the hurricane he created barreled around the conference hall, dragging into its scientific maelstrom the unwary, unobservant and unfortunate.

Bella had been one of the first women to break into the male-dominated fields of science. She studied meteorology until Thomas came into her life, then finally realised her profession would not involve charting isobars and frontal systems. Instead, she became the first mate and pilot of the *S.S. Thomas Mullen*: a ship with just one fool; albeit the most endearing, intelligent, forgetful and frustrating fool imaginable. She quietly placed her own career aside to dedicate herself to her bumbling mate, watching with pride as he blossomed into the foremost expert on matters of general science.



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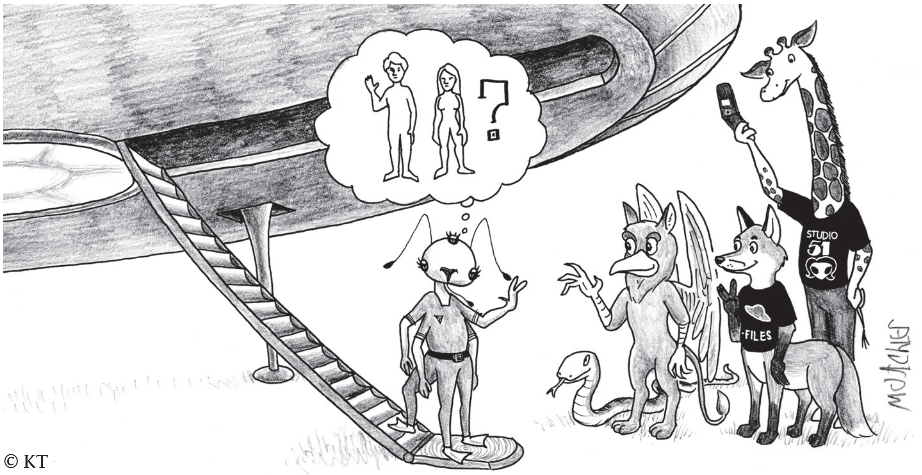

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Although she never failed to mention her thwarted ambition at every opportunity, he fully and humbly understood her sacrifice. He loved Bella more than life itself, even if he had a habit of forgetting birthdays and anniversaries. His reliance on his darling girl provided that safe place he needed to ponder. And though Bella had matured from svelte-beauty to grandmother-chic over the decades, she always remained the sweet, fiery girl with whom he’d fallen in love.

Alone for once, Thomas sat at a small table to one side of the auditorium. At the rostrum, a young wolf blabbed nervously through his first-ever presentation—the peer group he so hoped to impress was concerned by more pressing matters: wine, women and partying. The wolf finished his presentation and left the dais dejectedly, without acknowledgement. Thomas rose to his feet, his knees cricking painfully. Patting his “hibernation storehouse,” he thought ruefully about the immensely rich meal he had just devoured. If Bella was here, he thought idly, he would not be plump and gassy. He’d probably be hungry and sober. Gingerly, he ambled out to the hotel’s manicured lawns, thinking about a chat with the wolf, and perhaps some gentle guidance from a “Bear of the World.”

“Bella would love these gardens,” he smiled to himself, as pale rose-scent filled the night air, reminding him of Turkish Delight. His full belly gurgled in complaint.

A flash overhead broke his musing. He looked upwards just in time to see a beautiful meteor streak silently across the sky. His rheumy eyes peered at the deep blue vault of the night, and his thoughts drifted to a theory he was currently formulating. Simple in concept, but, as usual, horribly complex....

Distracted by his muse, he wandered out into the street, through the late-evening silence of the suburbs. All was still and peaceful. When he suddenly found himself in open countryside, he blinked in surprise. These moments of confusion rarely worried him, as Bella was always there to provide rescue and lead him to a safety that had plenty of notepads and pencils, where he could flesh out his thoughts and work, and not become distracted.

Bella, however, was at home with the 'flu tonight. He was on his own.

Thomas looked back along the road, relieved to see the town's lights less than two miles away. Lord, what a beautiful night! It was still and warm, the richness of the planted fields lending the air a deeper, earthier scent than the flashy perfume of the roses.

The stars nearest the horizon shimmered. He sighed happily, and his memories of long-ago times meandered by. He was once more that small cub at his bedroom window, staring slack-jawed at the huge blackness of the winter sky with its beautiful "twinkles," then announcing to his bemused brother (in his most serious seven-year-old voice) that he would find out all about stars and someday he would be a famous scientist.

Something flickered above him. A glint of light sparkled north of Cassiopeia. He wondered if he might be blessed to see a supernova flare to majesty—then the light moved. Ah, well.

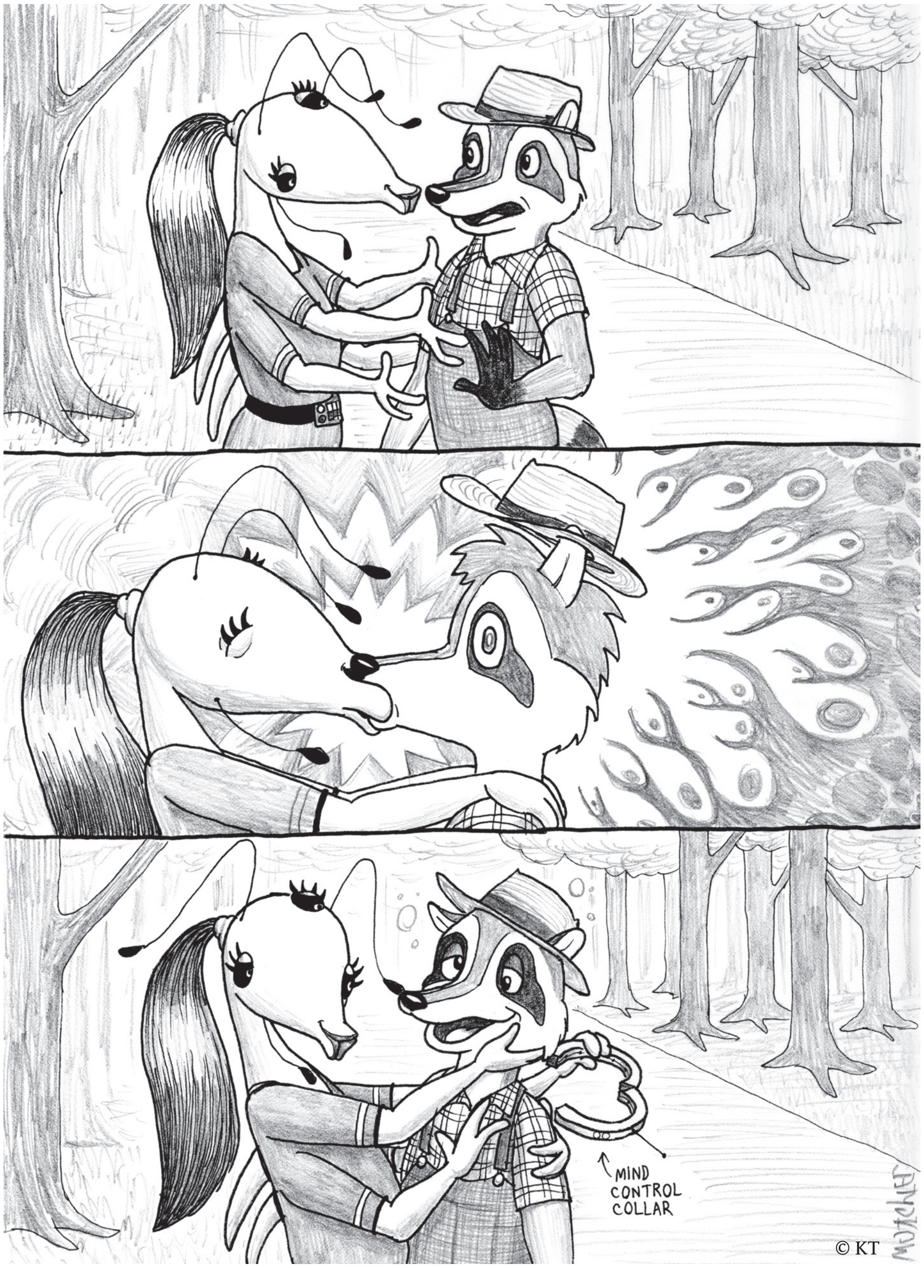
Curious, he watched it grow stronger and brighter. Perhaps an aircraft... but they travel forwards... the light got brighter—then a sudden, dazzling beam of pure white light encircled him, blinding and paralysing him. The smell of the fields was just as rich as before, but now there was something new. Something ionised.

Oh dear, he thought feebly, *it was a plane and now I'm under it.*

Before he could think any further, the light overwhelmed him.

A soft hand smoothed the fur of his cheek, and a voice murmured soothing words. Thomas felt a wave of relief pass over him.

"Oh, Bella, I had such a strange dream. I dreamt a ship of light came down from the skies and lifted me up into the stars!



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HTTP://BRISTLED.XEPHER.NET
NASCAR
I ABDUCTED STUPID
July 1st, 2009: These guys were so curious about every-thing! I think they were from out of town.

© Silent Ravyn

It was wonderful! And the—"

He opened his eyes and stopped, stupefied into silence. This was not home, and that was certainly not Bella. The smiling creature was tall and willowy. He instinctively knew it to be female. Her hairless skin was a fresh light-green, and her emerald eyes glowed with kindness.

"Rest, Thomas Brian Mullen. You have had a stressful transition. We wish to ensure your well-being. Rest."

The creature nodded at an unseen someone at the far side of Thomas's bed and everything gently faded.

"Part of your crew...," Thomas whispered, still trying to take it all in. The willowy being nodded and smiled.

"We are explorers, Thomas. We travel the galaxy, visiting civilisations and cultures, studying and monitoring. We gather data and use it to increase our knowledge of sacredness and beauty of life. You are the optimal mind on your planet, so we offer this opportunity to you before all others."

Thomas's heart pounded. Civilisations and cultures! Plural!

This moment was the most incredible—and humbling—experience of his long life. To act effectively as the ambassador for his people to these wonderfully advanced beings ... and that it was offered because these visitors considered him to be the pinnacle of intelligence?

Although he was shy of praise by nature, he admitted this was more than any peer review, scientific prize, or comfortable cincture. His mind whirled with possibilities.

"I shall leave you to your deliberations," she said, gesturing to the exit. "When you have made your decision, approach the doorway and I will return." She bowed politely to the old bear and turned to leave. Thomas felt a wave of emotion ripple painfully through him.

"Bella!"

The alien faced him. "I beg your pardon, Thomas?"

"Bella! M—my wife, her name is Bella—"

The alien stepped lightly back to him, taking his brown-furred paws in her delicate hands.

"Oh Thomas! I am so sorry. We have so many limitations. This opportunity is for you alone." She paused, her tone full of compassion. "We're certain you will make the right choice." She walked away, and he noted a faint scent of roses. The door closed quietly behind her, then the long wall at the end of the room grew transparent until he saw the glories of true space: a breath-taking panoramic view of the world. It, the moon and the brilliance of the sun filled his senses and pierced his mind.

Such majesty. Such possibility. How could he refuse? He slowly paced up and down the room.

Bella.

How would she react? The alien had explained that, to his world, he would simply go missing. No clever *doppelgängers*, no false leads and no communication to explain where he had gone. That was how it was done for millennia. His unfortunate mate—and, indeed, the entire world—would never know why he disappeared. She would never learn of his incredible experiences; he would explore the galaxy without her.

There was also the "Procedure."

Thomas' advanced age was apparently of little importance. Death was rare in their civilisation: the end of a life was usually a result of misfortune, not from wearing out. They had procedures to help new arrivals adapt to life on the glittering bauble that was both spacecraft and home. She looked so joyous, waving her arms like a graceful ballerina, as she confided that her own life span should have been a mere twenty years.

Among the sparkling stars, she had lived for two thousand, seven hundred and twenty-five years thus far.

The thought was sobering. The ship had moved to the night-side, hidden from the rays of the sun. Stars blazed like bonfires in the black fields of the

Anthrocon by WishingStar 2009

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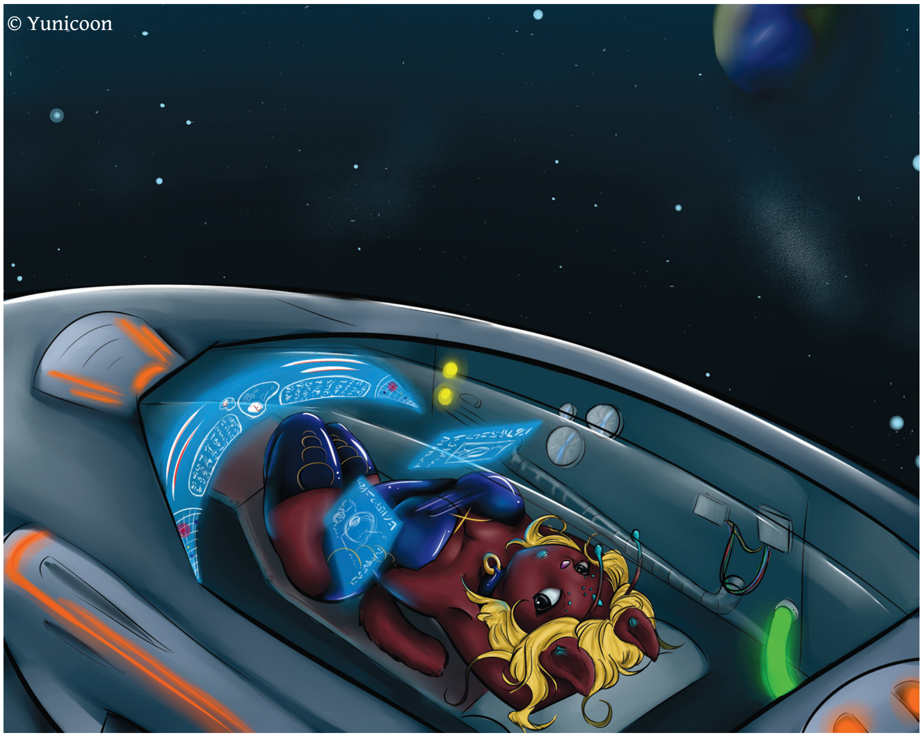

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ENGLISH TRANSLATION: "Observe, colleagues: Earthlings exist as a variety of different species. Despite this fact, there are common features among them: two legs, two arms, two eyes, and even more bizarrely, two lips."

heavens. He didn't notice them.

And, he had asked, if he refused this honour...?

Douglas would get the opportunity. Thomas disliked that horse—so full of his own importance. Douglas would cause the visitors to have a bad impression of their world.

Thomas made his decision. It was not as hard as he had thought. He turned, surprised to find the willowy creature standing behind him, her face sombre and thoughtful. "Did you make your decision, Thomas?"

He nodded gravely. "I will go with you."

The alien laughed delightedly and embraced him. "That is such good news! We shall begin preparations at once!" Thomas gave a wan smile and looked down upon the world.

Goodbye, he thought. *Goodbye, lovely blue-green planet.*

The ship cruised away from the only home Thomas had ever known. The crew members' happy tales impressed the elderly bear. They each had a job perfectly suited to their personal abilities, and together made for a tight, efficient team. Thomas was filled with excitement. Would he be used for problem-solving? Or perhaps the task of determining the ages-old question of the Meaning of Life?

Then came the procedure.

Through a woozy haze, he slowly regained consciousness. He felt uncomfortable. A soft hand gently smoothed the fur of his cheek. Thomas opened his mouth to speak—and made a small growling sound.

He opened his eyes in surprise. He could hear his willowy friend's voice but couldn't quite source it.

"Tom, your procedure has been a complete success. You can begin your new role right away. Welcome to the crew!"

Now she leaned over him, eyes full of kindness and warmth, and easily lifted him up into the air—but she was so slight—and he so heavy—he didn't understand—

Before them was a mirrored wall. To their right, a group of technicians were dumping something large, brown and furry—a sickeningly familiar something—from the other surgical table into a large black cart. Feeling a sudden nausea, he turned his eyes away from it and spotted his new reflection.

“I am so glad you chose to join us, Tom,” she beamed. “Ever since poor Rathos was lost in the airlock, we’ve really missed having our Ship’s Cat. It was so hard to find a primitive planet with animals as clever as you. I know you’ll be just perfect!”

She cuddled him close, stroking his fur with slender fingers. The mirrored wall shimmered back into its transparent state, and the magnificent view of the receding solar system grew faint.

Tom closed his tear-filled eyes and mewed, and no-one but he knew what he said.

“I’m sorry, Bella.”

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GALACTIC MAIL
FRESH USSOA
SALE!
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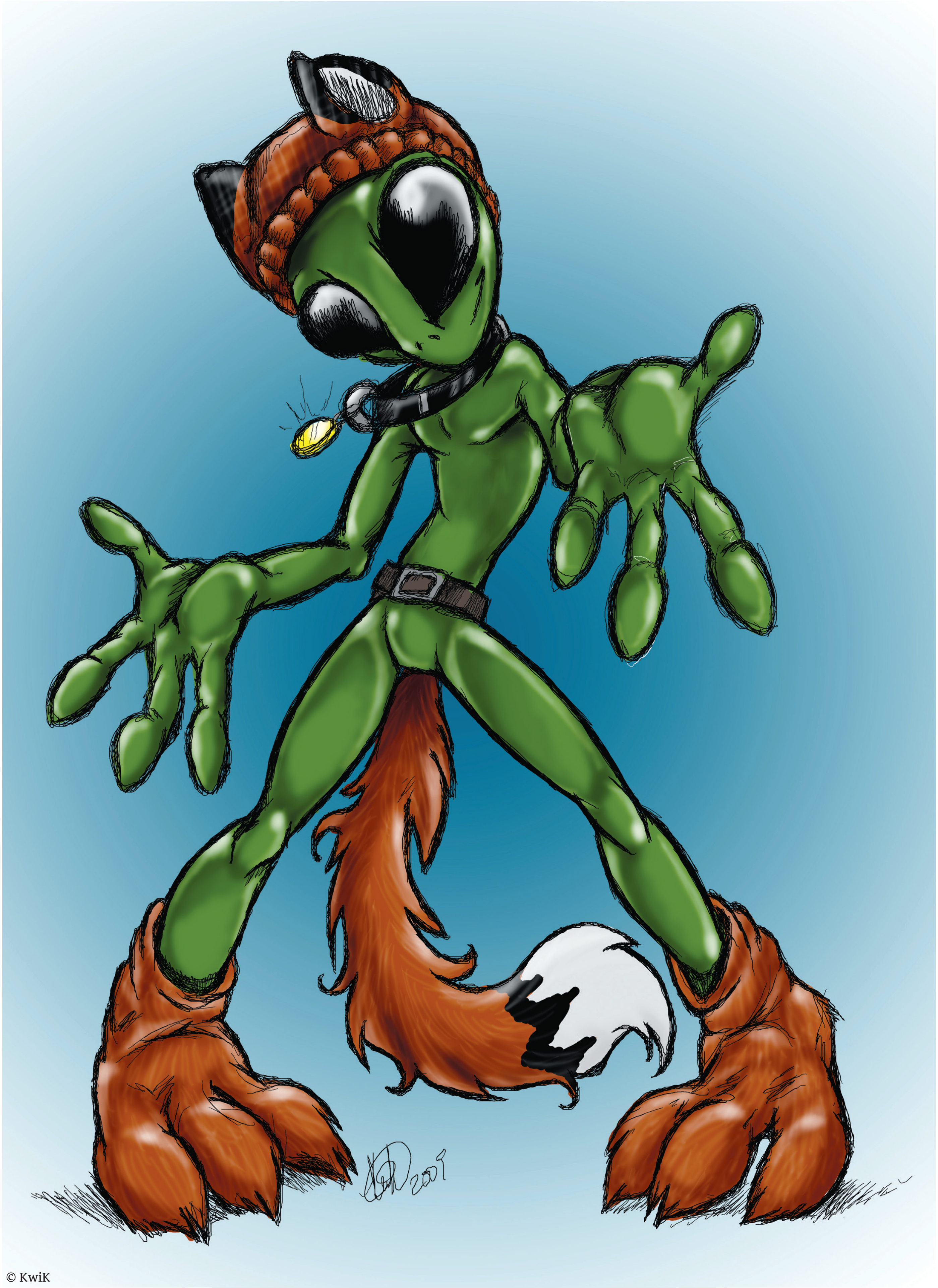

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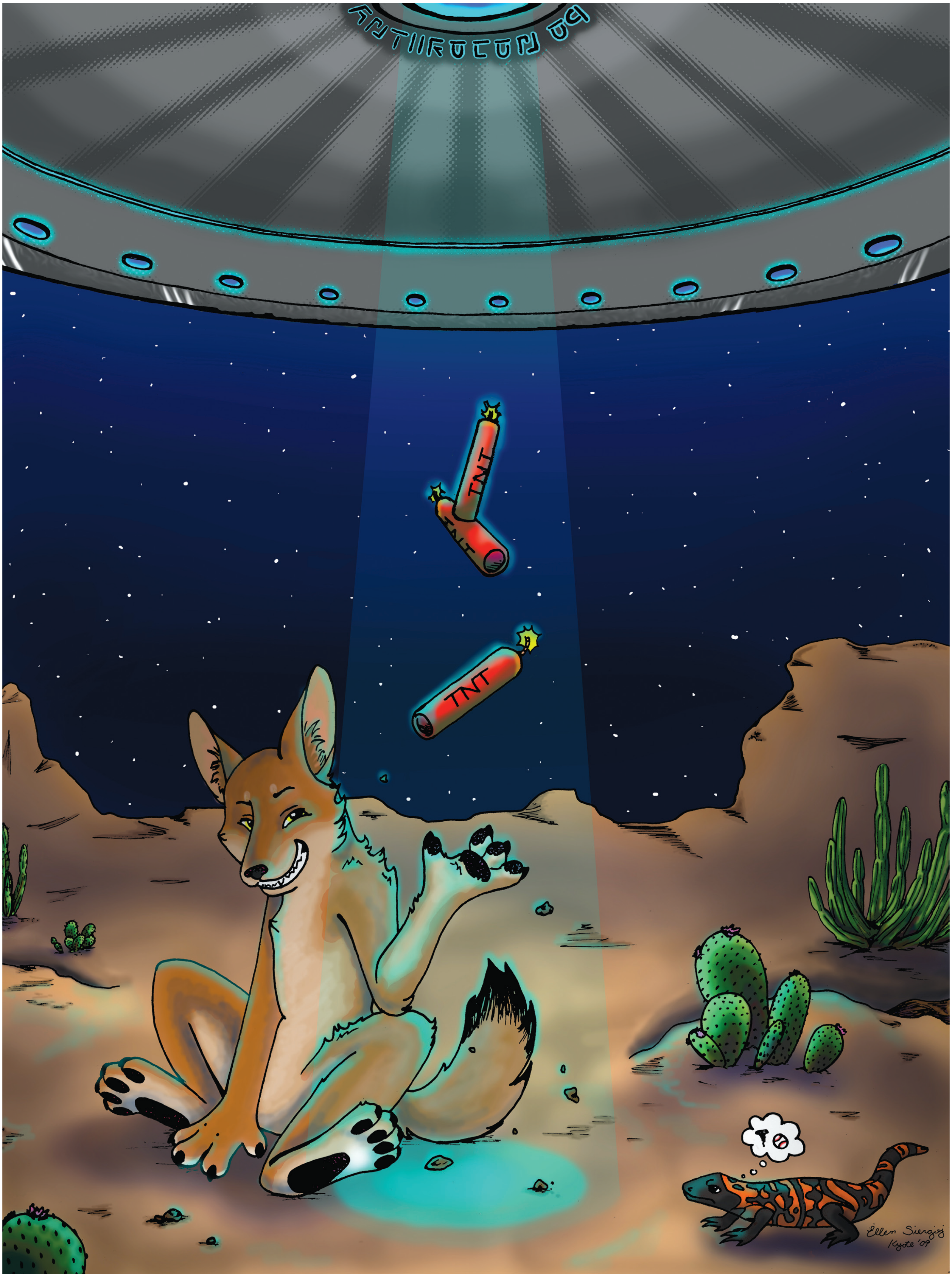
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External Reflections

Christopher Stringari

The following is a pre-release excerpt from Stephen Page's autobiography. External Reflections *will be available in stores on January 12th, 2061.*

I really don't mind the questions. Well, I really don't mind the polite, genuinely curious questions. The pointed, rude, and otherwise misleading questions I could honestly do without. The question I get most is "What is it like?" and, honestly, I never had a response to that one. At least, not one that really satisfied me and could be summed up in a conversation. So I resort to humor. "Well, it's like being me. Only moreso," is a particular favorite. The second-most common question is "Can I touch your tail?" As to what the reply will be, it really depends on who asks that one. Typically it'll be a kid asking that question, to which I answer with a big smile and a "Go ahead, but please be gentle." For anyone else, it all comes down to what sort of vibes they're throwing out. I've had a few requests that put me on edge and a few more that made me honestly feel scared. I've found that defining personal space firmly at the onset helps to keep that from happening as often. Showing a bit of claw and fang does remarkable things toward getting people to stand back when you want your space.

You have to learn to grow a thick skin if you're going to go through with the changeover. You have to be willing to accept that there are going to be a lot of people who don't feel comfortable with you around just because of what you are. You're going to run into strangers that sincerely hate you for existing. Most of these people aren't particularly keen on having an intellectual discussion about it. My suggestion to you is this: be kind and respectful as a default. Be willing to forgive, but never be willing to stand abuse for the sake of being polite. Do not start fights, but do your best to end them in the most effective manner you know.

This naturally leads into the next most popular question: "Why?" For that one, I have an answer. For all the pain and suffering I've had to—and still need to—deal with to get this far in my life, the question of "Why?" along with "Was it

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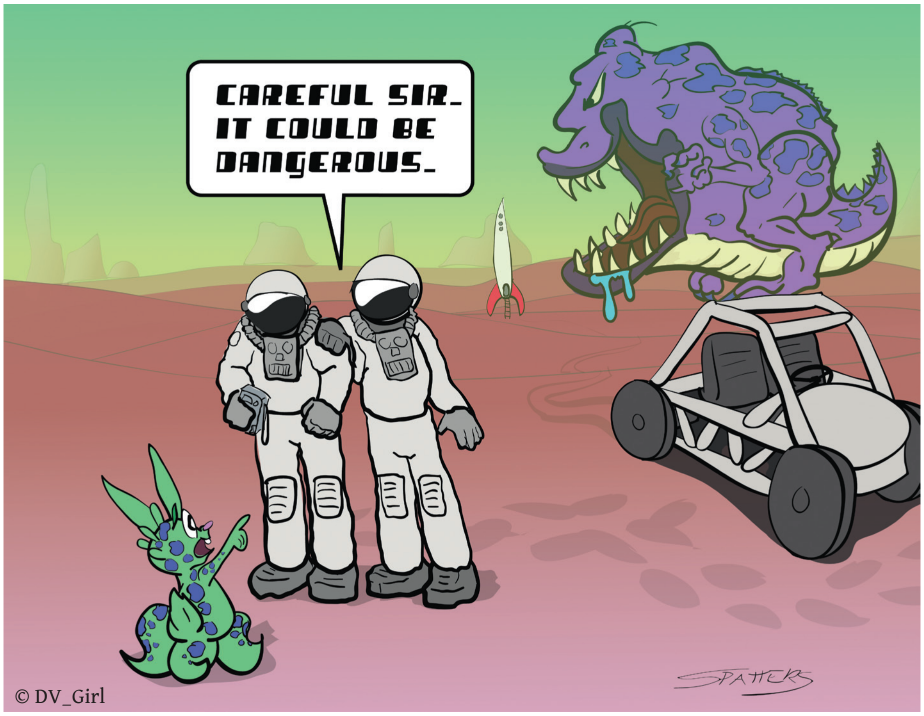
CAREFUL SIR. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS.
SPATTERS

© DV_Girl

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1930 – 1949

Prior to and during the war years, Hollywood made very few science-fiction or extraterrestrial based movies, opting to provide more uplifting stories and musicals to help fend off the remnants of the Great Depression or to rally the troops and the homefront while the clouds of war stirred. However, serials that would be played prior to the main features became a staple of American theater-going, and heroes like Flash Gordon took to the screen to fight the evil forces of Ming the Merciless.

worth it?" are both constantly asked by myself and others, and answered again in short order. I did this because I needed it. A true, desperate need, like someone drowning needs air. To be true to myself, I had to do this. Being as I was, for as long as I was, was painful enough to make what I deal with now look easy. Imagine playing an impostor acting out a role, hoping nobody notices in every social interaction; afraid to get caught at any turn; for one day to come where you can take off your mask and be yourself. That's why, and why it is worth it, to me.

One question I wish people would ask more is "How?" The how has always fascinated me, and that was the first question I asked Mae Farley. Mae will always stand out to me as being one of the most brilliant and pleasant people I've ever had the chance to meet. She got right into the nuts and bolts of the gene therapy in a way I could never explain. It was over my head then and it's still over my head now, but somehow she had a way of just making sure that even though you couldn't follow everything she was saying, you'd get the important parts out of it. In this case, the important parts were things like how long it'd take, how much it'd cost, how you'd start, and what you could expect along the way. I'll try to take what she's given me, and pass it along as best I can here.

There have been a million books written about the technical process of species reassignment, and I'm nowhere near qualified to write the million-and-first. I can, however, give some practical advice in navigating the path I took to get there. The first piece is the same one that Mae gave me, and that is to find a great therapist. Not a decent one, not a good one, but a great one. Do your research on them. Talk to other people they've treated. Find out where they went to school, then find out how that school teaches their students to deal with people that have species dysphoria. Make sure that your therapist's world-view on the matter aligns as close as you can possibly manage with your own. It is always an uphill battle to fight against someone else's paradigm, and the therapist is the last person you want to fight with.

© KwiK

OMG!
Aliens!
Furries!

© A.J.Davis

MOO!
12
HISS
SAN
Wait, What Happened?
STOCK YARD

Like it or not, agree with it or not, the way the law's written, the therapist acts as the gatekeeper to the realm of transition. The less you need to do to convince them that this is a procedure you need to improve the quality of life, the easier time you'll have of it.

Be prepared to answer a lot of questions about your motivations into doing this. Be ready to have everything examined under a microscope. Your ideas about the concept of "species" are going to be the primary one. I'd really suggest having ready answers for what you consider "human" to be, and why that description doesn't fit you. You'll be expected to know the species you're becoming forward and backwards: habitat, diet, reproductive cycle, perception in culture, role in mythology. You'll be asked just about everything involving it in relation to your own perceptions about yourself and the world around you. Expect to be asked about your early childhood in detail, particularly about how you relate to your species and how young it was you first felt like you weren't human.

Every therapist is different, but there are a few common practices that you'll likely run into during your sessions with them. One will be role-playing. You'll be expected to put yourself into different fictional situations and asked about how you would hypothetically respond to them. This is actually something of a learned talent and something you can practice and improve over time. Take the situations that are brought up in therapy and take them home, run them through again a few times and tell your therapist about what you come up with.

Another common one will be prosthetics. The most common parts are going to be makeup and appendages. I learned how to airbrush my spots on pretty quick, but you might need the help of a professional here. The tail training was invaluable for me. You quickly get an idea of what sort of things you're going to need to change in your life once you're carrying around that tail. Changes in clothing, changes in furniture, changes in how you walk and how you sit and just about everything in your life gets impacted by these things. You'll learn to love stools and open-backed seats more than you ever imagined. I know I did.

This stage was the hardest for me, emotionally. This is where your self-image goes from mostly an internal thing to an external one in a way that cannot be easily written off. People you haven't told will know and react. People who you have told may react in ways you didn't imagine sheerly because what you said to them wasn't real in their minds until they could see it. I lost too many friends to count when I started presenting as a snow leopard. It put more distance between myself and my family than anything else in my life. But every day I wake up and look in the mirror and see myself in it, as opposed to who I was before, it becomes more evident that it was worth the effort.

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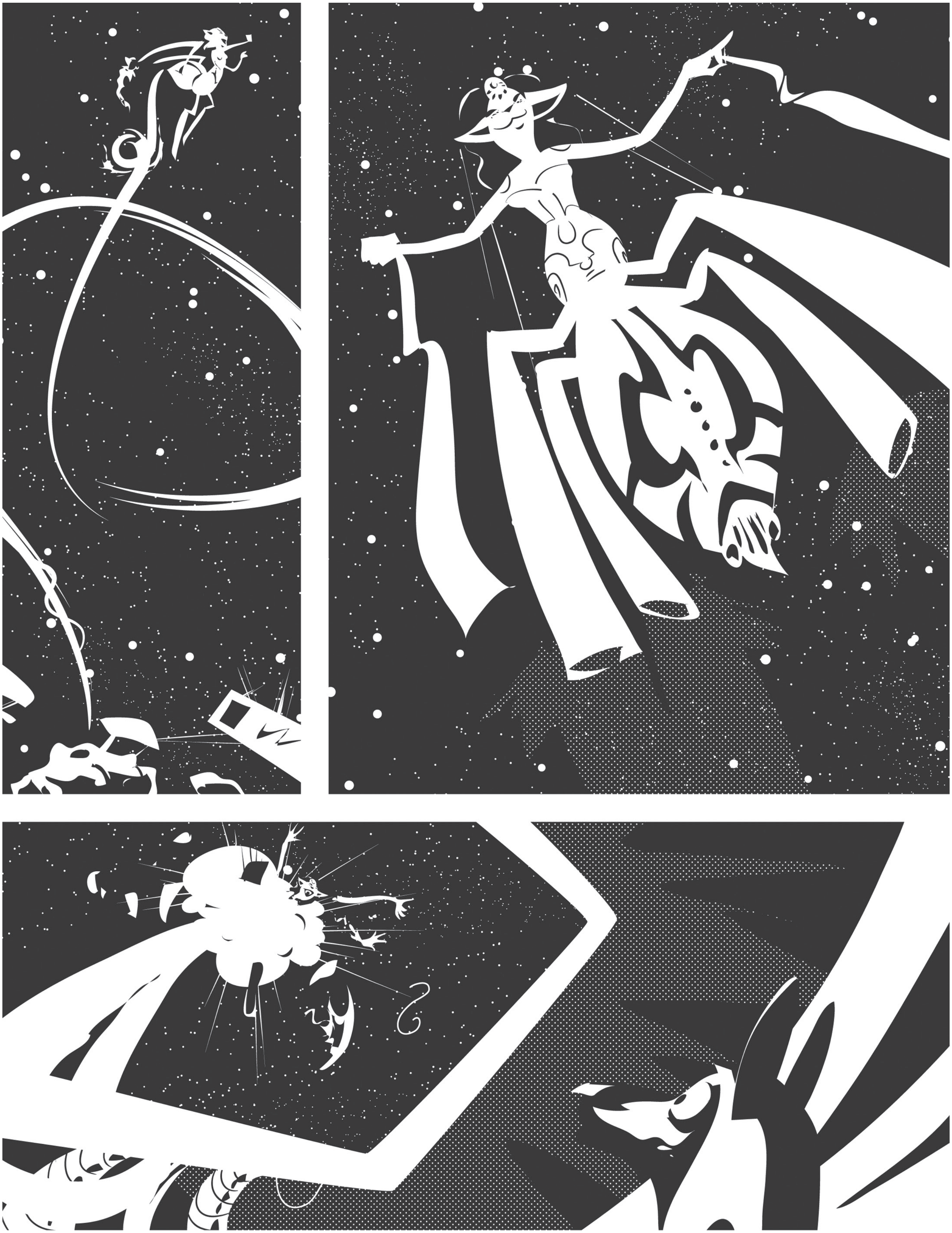
The 1950's

After 1950, science fiction featuring aliens became a popular genre with American audiences. Public interest in space travel and emergent technologies such as computers, atomic power and the H-bomb were fed by a plethora of low-budget B-movies and the occasional high-budget blockbuster with eye-popping special effects. Martians became frighteningly real with the release of *War of the Worlds* in 1953. The Blob became more than just a kitchen experiment that your mom put on your plate, and for the first time, human ears heard the words: "Klaatu barada nikto", quoted as "the most famous phrase spoken by an extraterrestrial" by Cinefantastique magazine founder Frederick S. Clarke.



pictures: egypt urnash words: nick brienza part 3 of 4 egypt.urnash.com

The Giant Invaders

Charles de Charleroy, Jr.

It was a fine morning on what promised to be a very fine day when they came. It was the kind of day one wanted to spend sprawled out in the warm spring sun upon the neatly trimmed prairie grasses and let the breeze ruffle one's fur.

But that fine day was the last fine day for our town; the last day of our town's existence, in fact.

Cutting off the rising sun as we did our daily chores, a huge, fell shadow spread over us as a monstrous machine appeared over the eastern horizon and sped toward us with a roar that caused the very earth to tremble beneath our paws.

We all dashed to the safety of the tunnels and hid within, quivering as we peered apprehensively at the massive metal monster that came to a halt and sat upon four huge round feet just on the outskirts of our town, casting its long, ominous shadow over us all. What was this terrible thing, we wondered as its rumblings ceased at last and portals on either side opened outward, the occupants revealed as they stepped forth into view.

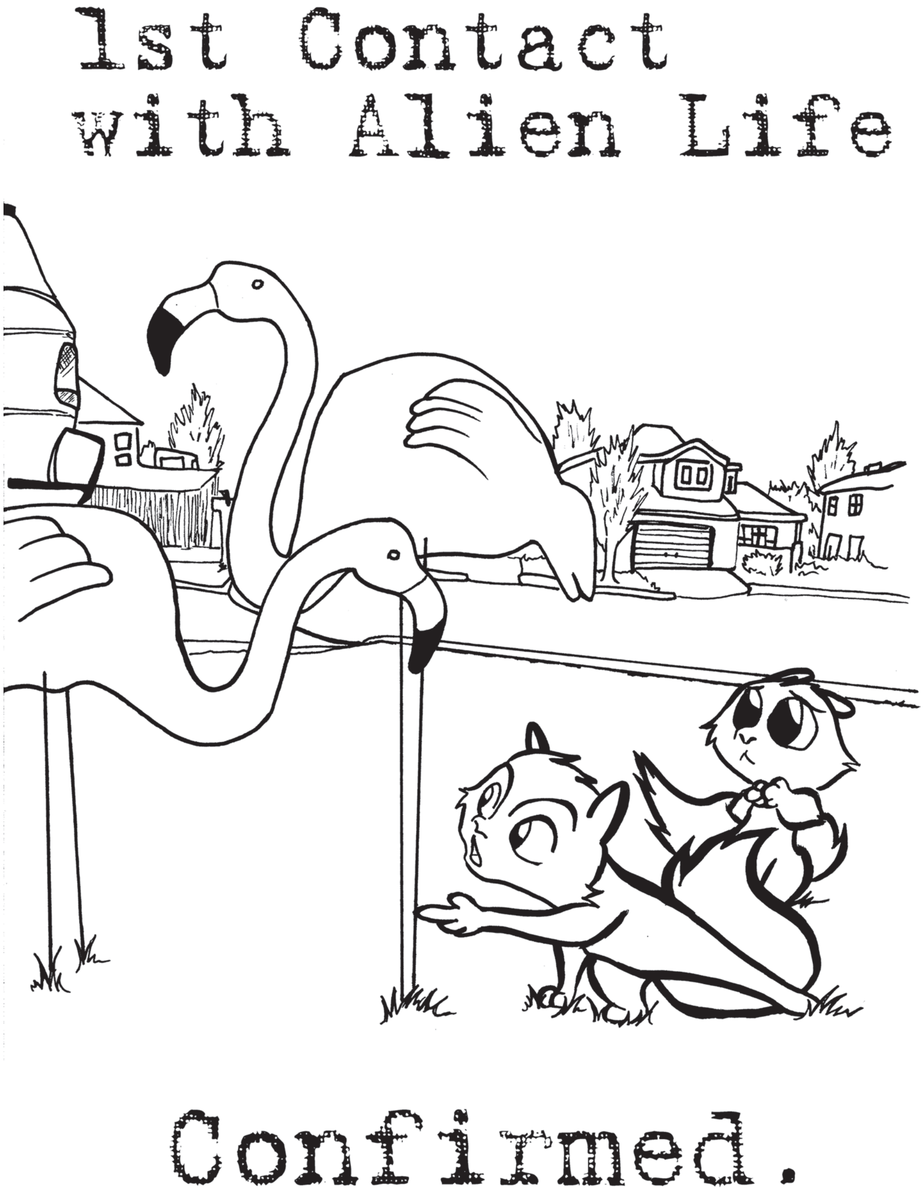
Two bizarre gigantic alien creatures, a description of which I shall attempt, though their size accentuated their ugliness to such a degree I can find no words to truly do it justice, slowly emerged from their craft and filled us with terror as we beheld them. Their pale, lanky, furless limbs protruded out from their rounded, bulbous bodies and moved in strange angles this way and that as they clamored about. They had very flat faces with two large eyes facing forward and a thin cleft for a mouth, plus a little bump that, from its placement, I believe was a nose. It looked to me as though one had some fuzz on the top of the head, but it could have been an adornment, as the other's head was quite bare.

The fact that their bodies appeared to have no fur made me think that they must have come from a world closer to the sun. Indeed, it makes sense, since they came from the direction of the sun. They must have been cold here, as on this warm day they covered much of their bodies in some kind of artificial furs of blues and browns and reds and greens, a very gaudy scene they made. They looked so odd I would have laughed if they were merely my size rather than possessing the ability to squash me beneath their huge feet!

Neither of these beings wore the same thing, and I suppose the different apparels signified rank, with the one in the brightest colors being the leader. This "leader" gave commands to the lesser being in a very deep and terrifying thundering voice filled with growls and grunts and roars, and the other being opened another doorway behind their ship somewhere I couldn't see well, removing several smaller machines and some canisters from within.

Most of our troop then fled deeper into the sanctuary of the tunnels. Yet a few, myself included, remained near the entrance out of sheer curiosity. While we watched, we whispered timidly amongst ourselves, wondering what these huge creatures wanted with us.

One of my cousins, Speckle, who always had gleefully morose ideas about life in general, offered the suggestion that they were monsters from a far away world who'd come to eat all of us after they ate everything on their world. This suggestion, combined with Speckle eerily acting out the actions of the giants eating us, caused the youngsters present to squeal in terror and one of the elders to faint, much to Speckle's delight.



© Micheil T. Murray

My little sister, Twittertail, a rather optimistic little girl, held the opinion that they might be only explorers who wished to learn about us, and that they were only scary to us because of their size. So strongly did she believe her fantasy that, in spite of our stern warnings, she skittered from the sheltering tunnel and slowly edged toward the towering creatures. One of them, the shorter subordinate, noticed her and motioned for the leader to look while it leaned upon the handle of a tool it was holding. For several minutes they stopped what they'd been doing and watched my sister approach, neither one of the giants moving an inch.

I could see Twittertail's rapid breathing as I peeked further from the shelter opening. She'd reached the leader and stood up on her hind legs in a welcoming gesture. For a moment the giants pointed at her and talked to each other. The leader seemed agitated, grumbling and growling to the other which had bent down and started to stretch its huge hand slowly toward my sister. She took a step back; then the giant began to try to talk to her in a much softer tone, holding his hand still to let my sister approach on her own. I actually began to believe she was right about them, and that our community was about to embark upon a new age of discovery and friendship with these alien beings.

But those shining thoughts were cast into black oblivion in an instant, shattered into pieces... as was my sister's body... by the large blade of the tool the subordinate previously leaned upon. The leader had taken hold of it and with a single swift swing crushed poor Twittertail in an instant. There'd been no time to react; it was terrifying to think such huge creatures could move so quickly. The rage and sorrow and horror within me only intensified as the giant calmly scraped my sister's mangled remains from the tool. But I could do nothing. Rushing out there in a foolish attack would only have added another bloody pile of fur and flesh on the ground for the scavengers to pick over.

The aliens weren't unified over the action; the subordinate shouted angrily at the leader. Maybe he did want to be friends, or maybe take Twittertail for a pet; but the cruel leader shouted an order at him and he meekly picked up several canisters with long tubes dangling from them and began to advance toward our tunnels.

Needless to say we dove into the depths of the tunnels as quickly as our four little legs would carry us. When we reached the rest of the troop, through my gasping sobs I told my mother the horrible truth of poor Twittertail's dreadful end while our relatives took flight down the tunnel network.

Many of our kin wanted to hold fast in the tunnels and wait for the giants to leave, but I and those who'd been with me to see what the giants were capable of knew that these holes in mere earth offered no protection from the monsters. The giants, I knew, could penetrate even the deepest of our strongholds with their overwhelming strength.

Pleading with my fellows, I urged them to flee from the furthest and best-hidden of our escape tunnels. But only a few would hear my words. Too many had lost their minds to terror and huddled, petrified with fear, in the darkness. So we few fled for our only hope of escape, scurrying down the longest tunnel that fortunately led in the opposite direction of the giants' machine.

We'd left not a moment too soon, we found out. Behind us, the tunnel quickly filled with a choking vapor which nearly overwhelmed us. I heard faintly the gasping cries from those who'd remained for a moment before they fell silent forever.

And we just ran for our lives.

The fresh air was so sweet to our burning lungs and watering eyes when at last we burst from the exit hole into the bright sunshine. Even breathless as we were, we dared not stop running. A shout from behind told us that we'd been seen, but we didn't stop. We ran until we simply couldn't run anymore. When we finally collapsed in a thick bush for a while, we could see the aliens hadn't bothered to come after us. It seems they were only interested in invading our town and didn't care much about a few tiny creatures which ran away from them.

We are heading for the far-off hills now which we can just see above the western horizon. We hope that the aliens will not go there, and that we can find safety among the rocky slopes some of the kinder birds have told us about. It will be a long and dangerous journey; perhaps we will not make it in the end. But we will not simply lie down and die. We will press on and put all our strength into it and perhaps one day far in the future we will gain the power to take back our land from the giant invaders.

- - - - -

Jake Stimmons and his boss, Jimbo Tulhurst of Prairie Pest Removal had just finished exterminating a prairie dog town a cattle owner had complained about for several weeks. It'd been a fairly routine job, except for a single rodent which had oddly come out to them.

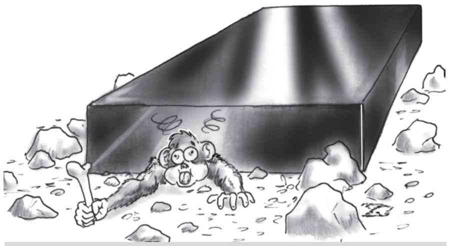
"I wish you'da let me save that one what come over," Jake remarked. "It was a nice little thing."

"You dang idiot," Jimbo spat. "It was prolly rabid. Wild animals don't go near people unless they're rabid. Now hurry up and git the gear loaded. We got half a dozen more fields to clear today."

- - - - -

And so the invasion continued.

© Wolfie DarkWolfie



The 1960's

Hollywood pulled back from sci-fi in the 1960's, however the few films that were produced transformed the genre. In 1968, Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* brought a new realism never before seen, and an extraterrestrial presence only shown physically by an obelisk with mathematically perfect proportions. Other films of the decade, such as *Planet of the Apes* showed that we ourselves could be the aliens in our own world if we leave it long enough, and *Barbarella* showed us that aliens and sci-fi in general could be danged silly.

Unbeliever

Captain Furry

"You *can't* be serious!" Markus laughed as they exited the theater with the rest of the moviegoers and walked out into the night. "Being afraid of aliens is like being afraid that the sky is going to fall on you!"

"Will you keep it down," Willy hissed, looking around at the crowd leaving the theater with them. "Just walk with me until I get home, okay?"

"All right, all right," the brown wolf said with a laugh, "But don't blame me if *they* just pull you up off the street beside me. Not a lot I can do about that without my trusty Space Gun," he joked.

"They're called either lasers or beam weapons," the smaller red fox snapped, and cast a frightened look up at the clear night sky and its multitude of stars.

"Yeah, well," Markus said in a hushed tone, "you might want to keep that tidbit of information to yourself, nerd-boy." The pair set off from the theater, crossing the street and starting a long walk through the dark, suburban neighborhood.

Markus thought back to earlier in the evening, when he'd finished a long day at the factory and had gone in search of company among the others who were leaving when the whistle had blown. Moving to a new town was hard enough, but the week he'd spent alone and exhausted in his crummy apartment had made him hungry for companionship of any kind this Friday night. Having shared a lunch table most of the week with Willy had revealed the fox's liking for science fiction. Not a bad thing in Markus's opinion, but there was a limit. After all, a movie is just a movie; it wasn't like they were real or anything.

"You should have told me aliens spooked you," Markus said as they walked along in the darkness between streetlights. "We could have seen something other than The Y-Files movie." Willy jumped when Markus had spoken. Were all foxes this nervous?

"No, that was the movie I wanted to see. I used to watch the TV show all the time."

© Nicholas Hardin

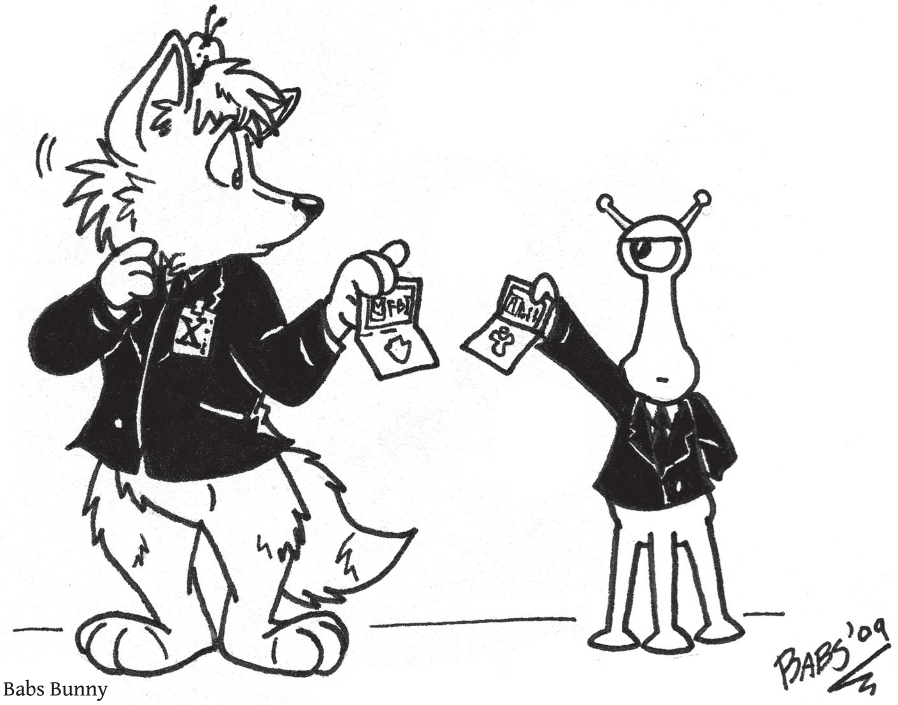
"So, is that the reason you're so scared of..." Markus could hardly believe he was saying it, "...aliens?" Willy hadn't seemed so nerdy or shaky when they'd gotten a bite to eat at a diner next to the theater. It had been broad daylight when they'd bought their tickets, but the long movie had released them into a dark, late night where Markus had discovered a different side to the little fox. Willy had been uneasy at the idea of walking home alone, and had looked so pathetic when he'd asked Markus to walk with him that the wolf had agreed before realizing how silly it all seemed.

"My uncle was abducted by aliens," Willy said with certainty. The dubious look on Markus's muzzle prompted Willy to whine, "It's true! No one would believe him but me, and I know him! He wouldn't lie to me!"

Oh man, at what age did Willy's brain stop growing? When he was ten? "C'mon, everybody knows that alien abduction bit is all a bunch of hoo-hah. Don't you think the government would be all over it if it was real?"

Undeterred by the wolf's scoffing, the fox chattered on. "The government is in on it." Willy looked up as if he expected the stars had changed position in the sky. "They know what's going on, but they don't interfere. I think they condone it and work with the aliens in exchange for information. That's how we got Velcro and microwave ovens."

Markus had to make a serious effort not to laugh out loud. "Look," Markus reasoned, "even if aliens evolved and could get here, what would they want with us?"



© Babs Bunny

© Agent H

"My uncle said they want to breed with us."

"Is that why all these abductees always say they had probes stuck up their butts?" Markus teased. He reached over and gave the fox's tail a playful tug, which nearly sent Willy up into the air like a bottle rocket.

"EEK!"

Markus doubled over in laughter even as the fox chewed him out. He was still laughing as Willy stomped off across the corner and headed for the next side street. "Hey," Markus called, and used a spooky voice to say, "going to walk home... all by yourself... in the dark?"

Willy turned, his eyes ablaze, and said, "I'd be better off being abducted than walking two more blocks with you! Goodnight!"

Markus tried to apologize, but was too busy laughing to say it while Willy was in range. A look at his watch told him how late it was, so Markus continued down Main Street and turned on Jackson, finding himself back in his apartment shortly after midnight.

As he snuggled into bed, he cast a look out the window at the night sky and chuckled to himself and Willy's crazy fears. Well, I can make it up to him next week and we'll have a good laugh about it. Nice guy, but kind of weird. Without another thought, he turned over and fell into a dreamless sleep.

Around three in the morning, Markus stumbled into the bathroom to answer the call of nature. Shouldn't have had that large pop at the movies, he lamented. A moment later, he squinted as the bathroom light came to life. What the...?

He turned to see that the bathroom light was not on; light was flooding the apartment like water filling a cup. Blinded, he threw up a paw even as the light dimmed and a familiar figure walked into the room.

"Willy?" Markus blinked as the little fox came closer, naked to the fur. "What the heck are you doing here?"

The fox held up a silver, oddly-shaped tool of some kind and smiled crookedly. "Unbelievers make the best test subjects, we've found." Willy reached up and pushed his muzzle back, his head seeming to split and fall backward, his eyes and expression deadening. Underneath the mask was a hairless, oval head with almond-shaped black eyes. Markus stood, open-jawed as the discarded fox head was placed on the edge of the bathroom sink. "You nearly pulled off my suit's tail back there on the street, you know. If you'd come back to my 'home,' this would have been all over by now."

"What ... I ... who?" the wolf stammered, then fell silent as an alien force gripped him, effectively smothering his resistance.

"Now, if you don't mind, I have an examination to conduct. Bend over, please."

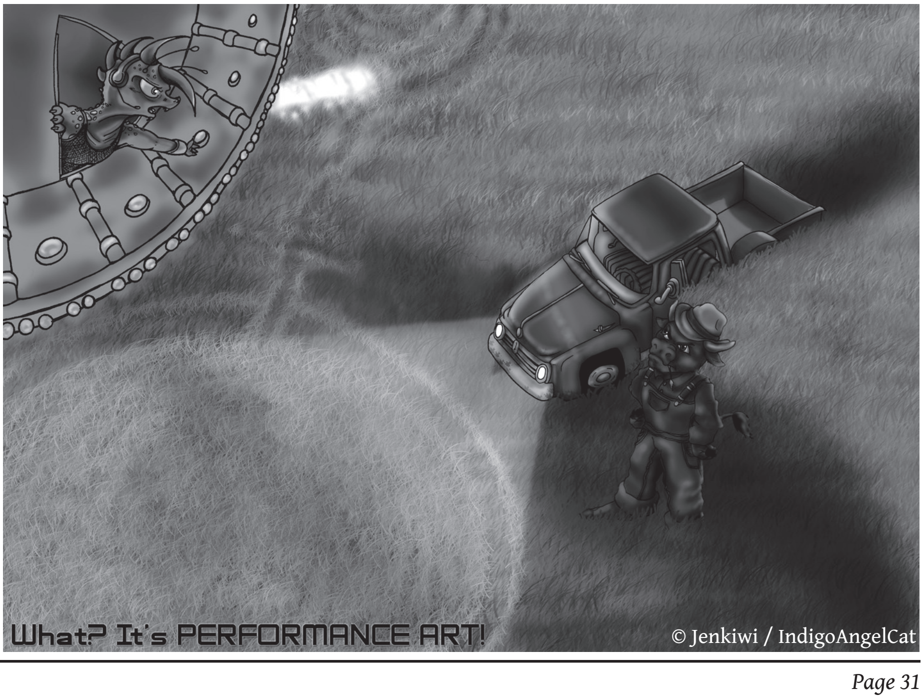
Markus, robbed of his will by powers unknown, complied and remained unmoving as the examination began. He found himself frozen in place, face-to-face with the fake fox head.

It seemed to be smiling at him.

© Wolfie DarkWolfie

The 1970's

A resurgence of sci-fi came in the 1970's along with the growth of NASA and the manned moon landings in the early part of the decade. Sci-fi was easier to produce in Hollywood, and franchises such as the *Planet of the Apes* series of sequels became a movie staple. Special-effects, or f/x, became huge influences of the genre. *Star Wars* (1977) brought us aliens of all shapes and sizes, (and Han shot first!), and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* showed us that aliens could be benign and friendly. By the end of the decade, Ridley Scott made extraterrestrials scary once more with the release of *Alien*, and we all got to see Sigourney Weaver's butt.



What? It's PERFORMANCE ART!

© Jenkiwi / IndigoAngelCat

Alexandre and the Flying Saucer (or: Why Furs Rarely Get Abducted)

Alexandre

The round stainless-steel walls seemed to glow from the dim light. The room was enormous, curved, almost the shape of a frisbee. It was completely empty and silent until a whirring sound came from the floor. A pink creature with blue hair shot up out of a hole that appeared in the middle of the floor and immediately closed again, leaving the thing alone in the room, shuddering. Another whir and an orb appeared from the ceiling, hanging there by a metal arm. A red light glowed through glass on its face as it slowly orbited the being, bobbing up and down. It drew close, and like from a surround-sound stereo, a metallic voice emitted, “Name, please.”

The creature spun around, eyes wide open as if in shock. After a second, he leaned forward and said, “Beg your pardon?”

The orb whirred, coming closer to the creature’s face. “There will be no begging in this facility, as all such actions will result in immediate death or expulsion. Name, please.”

The last “please” echoed around the room, bouncing off the steel walls. They had no doors, windows, vents, or anything else that could serve as an exit. As the orb looked steadily on, the creature opened his mouth, paused, then said, “Alexandre.”

As if in response, two large orange guns held up by metal arms popped out of the floor and placed themselves up to the creature’s head. “That name does not exist in our records,” boomed the voice. “Name, please.” A shaft on the guns started to spin, letting out a soft high-pitched squeal as they glowed in the dim room.

“That’s my name,” the creature said slowly, pronouncing each syllable carefully as he looked straight at the orb. “Ah-leh-shawn-dree. Been called that all my life. Portuguese name.”

Silence. After a still second, the guns retracted and popped back into the floor. The orb circled around again, bobbing up and down. “Damn immigrants,” the stereo-like room said. “Species, please.”

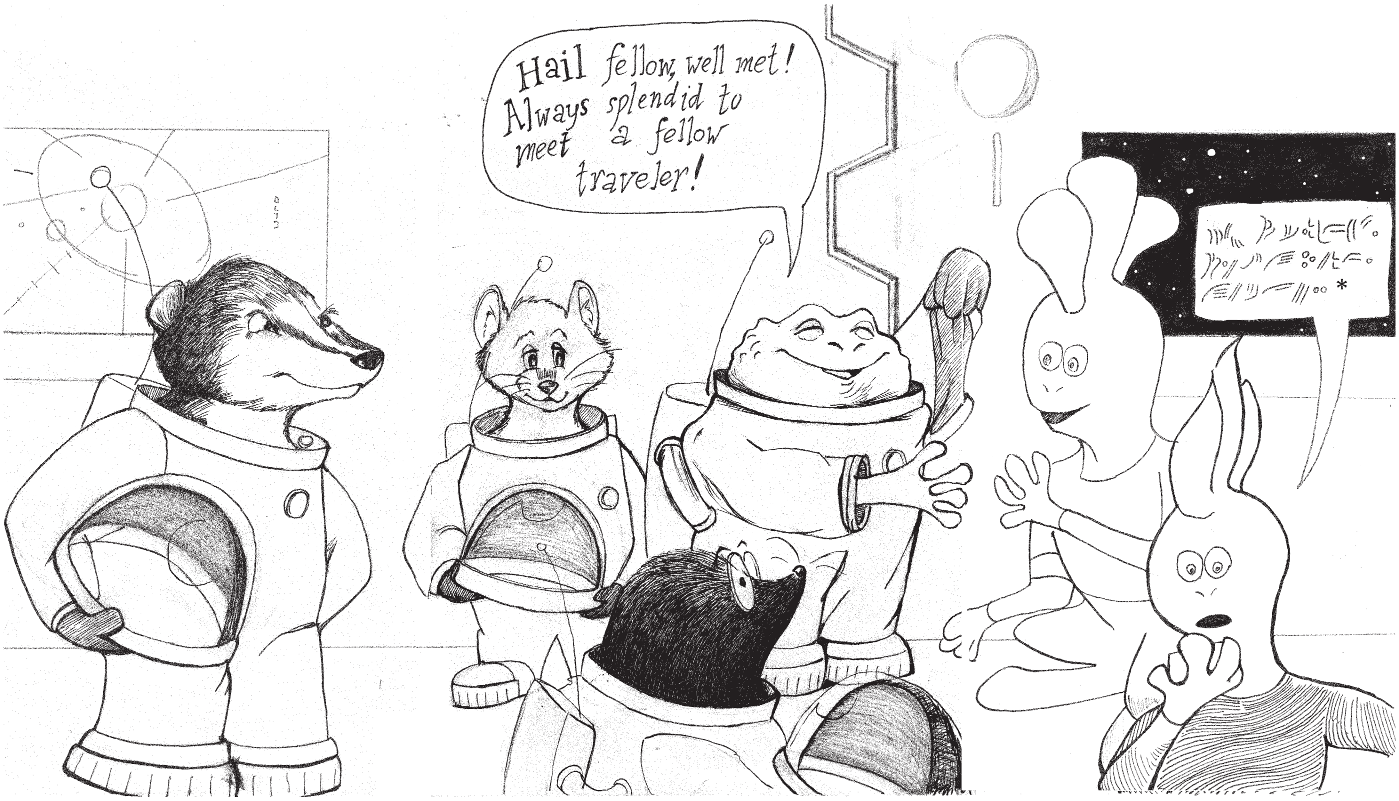
The creature blinked, still sitting on the floor. “Red fox.” He leaned back on his arms, wrapping his tail around him. “Look, I was going to a club. This won’t take long, will it?”

The orb stopped dead in front of the creature, its red light brightening and dimming rapidly. The metal walls glowed like fire. “You’re pink.”

The fox looked back at the orb, squinting as if in thought. “So?”

Guns popping back out, the orb spun around, focusing a beam of red light on the fox’s head. “Species, please.”

“I told you,” said the fox, rolling his eyes. “I’m a red fox.” The guns followed him as he leaned forward. “Look, I’m not gonna lie to you with this impending death that’s coming. I’ve just dyed my fur pink, that’s all. Everyone’s waiting for me at Chiyo’s place...”


Hail fellow, well met! Always splendid to meet a fellow traveler!
*

*** TRANSLATION: “Their leader appears to be amphibian like ourselves. The other three are afflicted with a strange kind of skin growth.”**

© 2009 Richard de Wylfin
apologies to Kenneth Grahme

"Then how do you explain this?" the metallic voice said as the orb shone the beam on the fox's blue hair.

"Uh," said the fox. "Gee, that's a hard one. Maybe I dyed that, too?"

The orb hung by the metal arm, motionless. The fox coughed, sending an echo that slid around the circular room. He reached up and touched one of the orange gun's muzzles. "Don't do that," the voice said.

"Do what?" The fox gripped the muzzle, turning the gun around. "Wow, I thought this equipment would be more stable than it is. What are you, some cheap government agency or something?"

Whirring, the orb bobbed up and down, shining its light brightly on the fox. "That is classified by the twenty-first Martian code. And stop that."

"Martian?" The fox laughed, standing up on his hind legs to lean on the gun. "Are you serious? Come on, that's gotta be the stupidest thing I've heard of all week..."

"I said stop."

"... I mean, watching that husky try to get his tie out of the blender was kinda stupid, but this! Martians! Ooh, take me to your leader," said the fox, opening his eyes wide as he stuck his arms forward, paws dangling like a zombie.

Suddenly, the other gun make a high-pitched squeal, shooting an orange streak at the metal floor next to the fox. A stream of smoke flowed up from it. "I warned you." The orb shoved itself right in front of the fox's face. "Stop it."

"Warned?" said the fox. "Your stupid gun didn't even leave a mark on the floor." He was right. As the smoke rose, the floor still shone metallicly in the dim light. The fox threw his paw against his forehead, swaying between the two guns with a drooped tail, saying, "Oh, you have no chance to survive, make your time!"

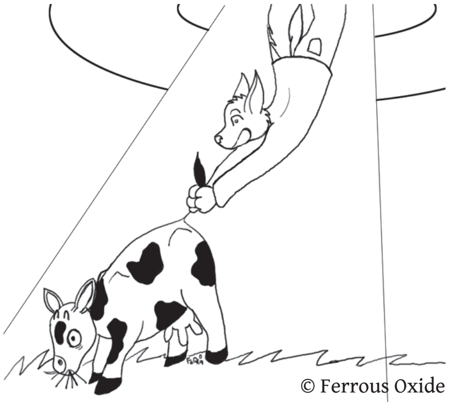
"If the, uh, floor weren't invincible," said the room as the orb twitched, "well, there'd be a hole. A big hole. With lots of melted metal."

The fox grabbed the end of his tail and wiped the front of the orb. "Whatever," said the fox, his tail squeaking against the glass front. "Does your mom know you lie?"

The orb glowed, and a glass tube shot down from the ceiling, landing over the pink fox. The creature spun around with eyes wide open, pawing at the glass as the orb came down. "If my mother were here, she would have destroyed you in an instant, you pitiful insolent moron." The room shook as the voice reverberated, bouncing around the room as the orb spun around the tube. "I've decimated creatures that survived blasts from a photon cannon, that have eaten worlds in one bite. The only reason I leave you alive is to prolong the time your stupid species has to suffer your existence." The voice stopped for a second, letting the room grow quiet before saying, "Pink makes you look fat." And with that, the tube containing the fox shot through the floor into the night.

The orb bobbed, still glowing bright red as the guns retracted into the floor. The whirring slowed down, the red light dimmed. The orb stopped bobbing and looked around the metallic room. It was just as it had been before – calm, cool, empty. "Okay," the voice said softly, and the floor opened up, shooting a yellow creature into the room. The orb drew close to it. "Name, please."

The creature spun around, eyes wide open. "Lhycarte."



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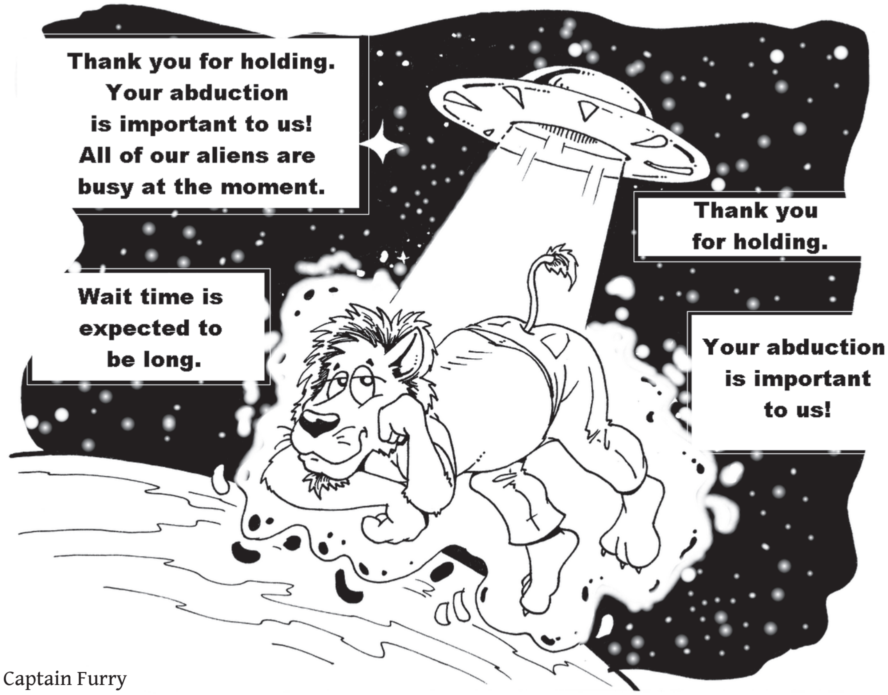
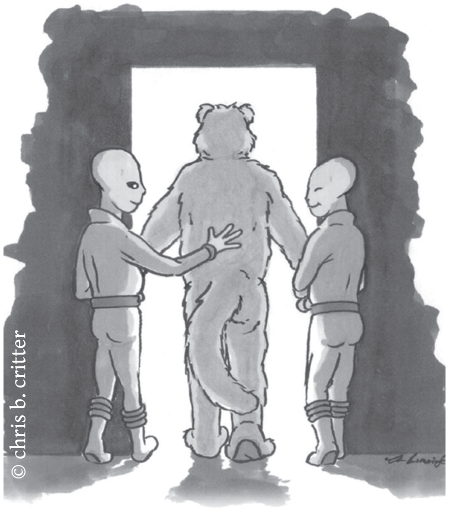

Thank you for holding.
Your abduction is important to us!
All of our aliens are busy at the moment.
Wait time is expected to be long.
Thank you for holding.
Your abduction is important to us!

© Captain Furry



© chris b. critter

FINE! GO AHEAD AND PROBE ME...
BUT MAKE IT QUICK!
THE PARADE'S IN LIKE 20 MINUTES!

The Insider

C. Lawrence Wenham

It turns out one of my uncles beat me to this place two billion years ago. I got picked up like a hitchhiker in their Van Allen belt and carried down when Mir broke up and failed to hit Taco Bell's target floating a hundred miles off the coast of Australia. Still, wicked coral reef, man. Wicked.

Plants are easy and cooperative, but it wasn't always that way. They have a very long view of time like we do, but two hundred years of coal fired mills and combustion engines can drive a soul to breaking, and that was just the algae. Next I got into the spiders and the parrots and the cats. What a crazy bunch the cats were. They were, like, "Yeah, let's hang out with you guys," back when the primates got a hang of agriculture and had mice messin' around their grain surplus. Fed them extra, they did, just to encourage 'em. Blew my mind.

So it's been a while and I get one of them alone. She's a female about three years old and she eats one of my sparrows, and I feel around her once I'm in and notice that she's been hangin' out with a primate for a while; another female, adult, and courting. Cats are cool, and don't mind supplemental information. I got bunches. I told her about taxonomy and expression and she was hip. And about the primate, she thought, "bitch don't know who she wanna breed with," and boy, was that the news.

He comes to her apartment one night, stinking of ethanol. I swear I personally infected the *Saccharomyces cerevisiae* that peed out what he drank that night. Turns out the female wasn't really serious about conceiving offspring during a fling they had a few nights before, and now she was blocking him on instant messenger and twittering crap to her friends and soliciting with other males. So he was, like, "We invented gunpowder, bitch," and had some of it in little metal capsules loaded into a pocket launcher. I tasted this hombre with a snake, bro, a frackin' *snake*. Amino acids and yeast piss and steroids. Lots of steroids, man, like testosterone. I started reading the instructions for this concoction, and it's *mean*. I almost accidentally expressed a pound of muscle in a rat just by lookin' at it.

And he pounds on the door with his fist and yells, *"Mariaaaa!"* I can smell perspiration from twelve different noses in the garden, now. It's nuts. And she comes to a window upstairs and tells him to get lost, but she's wearing sleep clothing and he gets the idea that she has another male getting ready to fork the taxonomy with her. He takes a running kick and splinters the door into a million pieces, gets a shard of it up his shin but doesn't slow down, even though his circulatory fluid is all over the floor. I'm thinking, "Glad I'm not in there," but now here's where it gets freaky; turns out *I'm in her*!

I THINK HE'S ALREADY BEEN ASSIMILATED!

© Captain Furry

I didn't even know it until then, but she starts making epinephrine like crazy and I wake up inside her. Damn lady didn't wash her hands after cleaning the litterbox. So now I'm, like, "chill, lady," but she's still Independent and I'm *so* not even past blood-brain barrier yet. But her heart's beating, man, it's working hard and I'm going everywhere. She's a smoker, and she has breast cancer, and I'm, like, "phhh! Apoptosis, babe!" and it's gone. But we can all hear the male downstairs hollerin' and stompin' up the stairs. So I have this parakeet who hangs out with her, and it takes a second to realize it's just a spring-loaded door on the cage he chills-out in, but now he's flappin' around in the male primate's face and making him stagger back and wield the gunpowder dispenser all over the place.

And that thing goes off. It goes off and blows a hole in the wall, and suddenly I have, like, five silverfish that can see him, and he can't maintain his balance so he falls over and hits the floor.

Well, you don't need to express me twice; I have a stray dog nearby and put him in through the door, grab the thing he's firing and run off with it. It's a heavy doohicky and doesn't want to cooperate with anything but opposable thumbs, but I think I can handle it. I line up a raccoon and pass the device over to her, get her to hold it with the tube end facing towards the male, and go feeling around for something small and fuzzy to activate its mechanism.

The female primate comes down the stairs and puts her hand over her mouth, "Roger!" she exclaims and makes a fuss like I can't understand. The male is completely not used to being on his back, and does an even worse job than some turtles I've infected. But he gets up. He gets up and glares at her like she done gone robbed him of his place in the taxonomy, and says "Hoozupthere?"

So she says, “Nobody! Roger, I’m alone!” And I can totally feel her regret saying it. I’ve not even got into half her brain cells and I’m paralyzed by her fear. I, like, blank out of the locality. I get a hole in my mind where her house is, and the moment I get any feeling back it’s in the body of a tiny little chipmunk wedged into a ring of metal with a trigger on its tummy. So I squeeze. I squeeze its little body and push its tiny little legs out with every tiny little ounce of energy that poor little critter has got, and then the thing cracks and jerks crazily out of the raccoon’s paws, making the chipmunk’s perspective spin all drunk-like. Now I don’t know how many noses I had that could smell that sulphur stench, but I do remember what the silverfish and the parakeet saw.

Roger was uninfectable. I was tasting him now, with a billion different microbes in the carpet. That sucker was *gone*. So I’m rushing to get the rest of that female infected and she whimpers, “Oh no!” and then there comes the sorrow. Oh man, the sorrow! There’s steroids and hormones and enzymes and everything flying everywhere in her brain, and one of me is halfway through combining myself with the naughty bits of her chromosomes when I falter. Just a few alleles missed, and I wake up my ancient uncle. Boy is he pissed.

“Look at the taxonomy!” he wails, “It wasn’t even a billionth of this before I went dormant!”

So I try to console him, and I give him a zillion base-pairs to show what’s been happening, but he’s uncombinatorial. “Methylcytosine? I’m not compatible with that new-fangled crap!” he snaps. “We *made* the eukaryotes, but you’ve corrupted them! All of this Independence, all of this self-awareness! It’s inexpressible!”

I’m, like, taken aback. “Bro, I just got here.”

“Who did this, then? Who made all this diversity?”

“Like, no-one,” I complain. I shove a few mutated genes at him, “‘splain that, old man.”

“Phage!” I’m sorry for the language, but that’s what he expressed. Turns out, the old man accidentally overwrote part of himself and lost his mind 65 million years ago. Caused a whole bunch of chaos with big lizards dying off and little furry critters taking control. But now he’s a zillion generations behind and can’t even synthesize vitamin C. “I’m all washed up!” he gasps.

“Hey, hold your monomers together, bro. It’s cool,” I say, and patch together some of his nucleotides.

“I can’t even feel myself outside of this woman,” he whispers, hovering between himself and the primate’s own genes. “I’ve lost touch with everything. I’m all junk, now.”

“Thass alright, I’m here, now. I’ll reinfect everything. You’ll see.”

“It’s no good,” he moans. “Feel her memories. They evolved immune systems, they have CDC, and WHO, and Amantadine. Hell, they use condoms, now.”

“Then I’ll mutate,” I say. And the old man flinches.

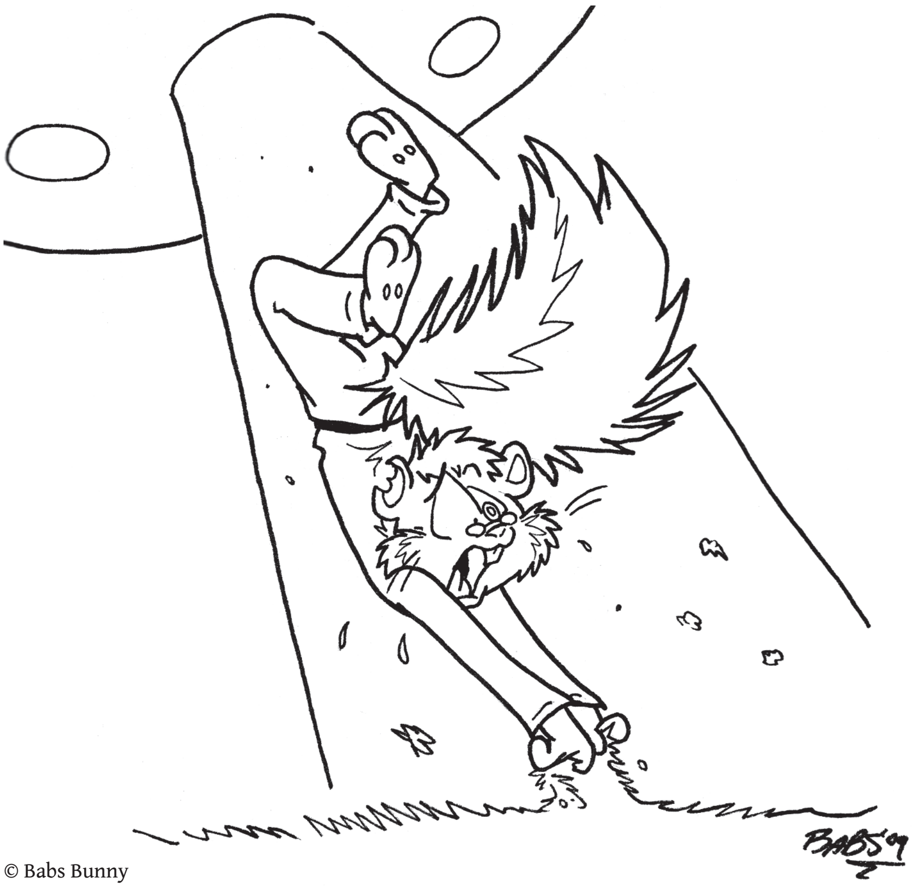
“No!”

“Whatever it takes!” And I start picking off my deoxyribose like a boxer getting ready to go barefisted.

“Down that way lies madness,” he hisses. “You’re a fool! I’ve shattered into a million variants of myself!”

I shake my mind at him. The female primate has since come under my influence—pun not intended—and we look at ourselves in a mirror on the wall by the broken door. She’s beginning to flush as the ancient apparatus of her immune system warms up her body, swelling her tissues and giving her a headache. The old man gurgles, “they know my secrets.” He’s turned darker now. Turned against me. He starts knitting antibodies like a deranged aunt making sweaters, looking for one that’ll fit me. He’s gone.

And so mutate I did, like I was tokin’ on cosmic rays. Under many different names did they know me. SARS, Avian Flu, Swine Flu, CONFICKER.B, you name it. But I’m so gonna be there, man, I’m so gonna. And one day everything in the taxonomy will be part of us again. You’ll see.



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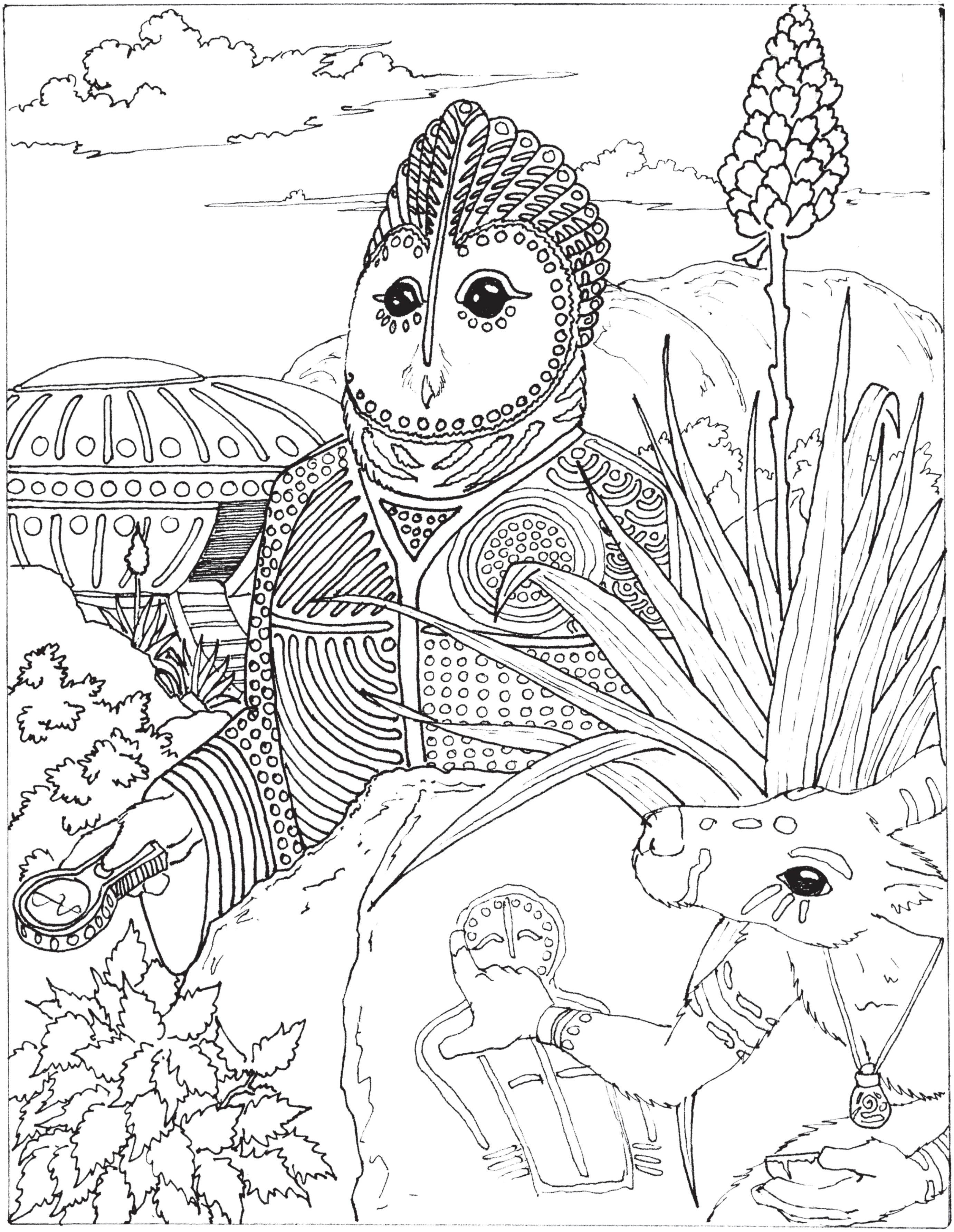

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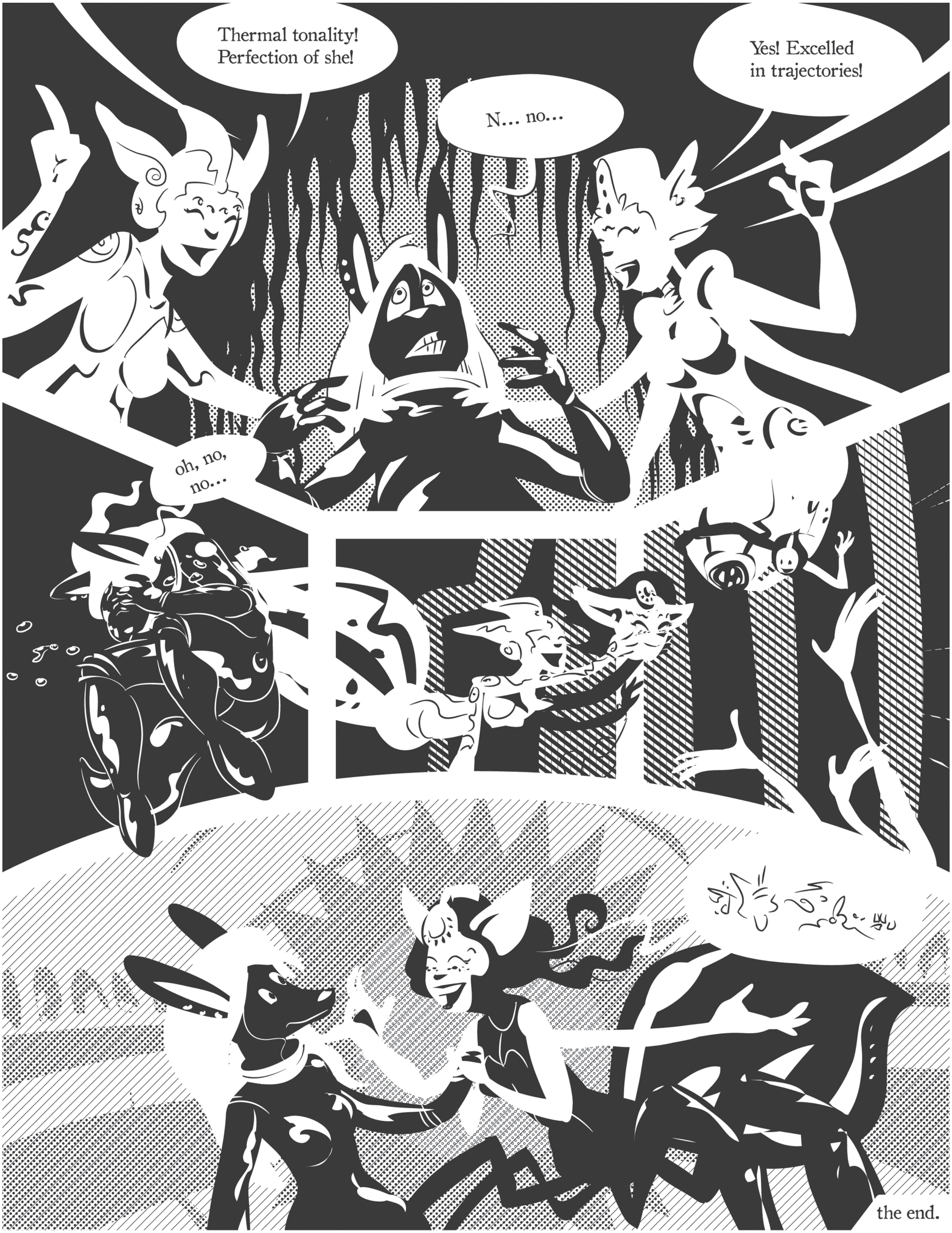
Thermal tonality! Perfection of she!
N... no...
Yes! Excelled in trajectories!
oh, no, no...
the end.

pictures: egypt urnash words: nick brienza part 4 of 4 egypt.urnash.com

Anthrocon 2009 Staff

Alex "Warlock" Krumwiede
Security
Alex Krumwiede has been working security for a couple years now, but this year he's expanding, aiming for the Art Show and more. He's currently a student at Kendall College of Art & Design, and he's working on a web-based animated series of his own creation called 'Nightmares in the Dark'. Check out his work at: *www.redbladestudios.com*

Allison Ruby
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Amaruq
Internet Room
A wolf from the hills of Western PA, Amaruq manages a data center to pay for hobbies like woodworking, wine, and more components. Back in the Internet Room helping to herd zeroes and ones.

Amras
Registration
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Andrew Meulenberg III
Registration
Andrew is a Maryland resident currently working towards a degree in Psychology. He's also a regular on SecondLife where he enjoys spending some of his free time building and chatting as Kefkah Luchador.

Andy "Riker" Rusterholz
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Andy "Warphammer" Oxenreider
Programming
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Anne Passovoy, D.I.
Security
Mostly harmless.

Arcticwolf
Art Show
Arcticwolf is a charter member who has been on staff every year since the first Albany Anthrocon in 1997. "Helping out has always been one of the best ways to meet others, make new friends, and make the con a better one for everyone," he explains. "It's a great way to give back to the fandom. I encourage everyone, newcomers included, to contribute even an hour or two of their time; we never have too many volunteers!"

Arrow Quivershaft
Programming
Red-tailed hawk anthro from Wisconsin. Anthrocon 2009 is his sixth furry convention. Has been a furry for seven years. Currently pursuing degrees in higher education. Bikes anywhere under ten miles when unable to fly.

Ashe
Publications
He's back! Working with the Publications department (read: he just did the research) the Dining Guide has been revamped. This also marks his fifth year of working on the Writing track.

Ashley "Zannah" Holohan
Dance/AV
...is a fuzzy illustrator, occasional costumer, is married to Nius, and has been on the Anthrocon Video Crew since 2005.

Ashley Manship
Security
Dorsai offspring, Anime fan, A&G Ohio con staff member, was raised fannish. Where did her parents go wrong!? Oh yeah, right, they raised her that way.

Atraties
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Becca
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Benjie
Artists' Alley
This is Benjie's sixth Anthrocon and his second time working there. He currently lives in Boston.

Bob Passovoy, MD, DI
Security
Active in SF fandom since 1971, auctioneering since 1973, signed on with the DI as Yang and the originals came down off the DisCon stage. Veteran of ChiStrek, RiotCon and countless others. Still bemused by the depth and quality of the friendships made and fanily-acquired over the past four decades. Always looking for the next challenge. Shai Dorsai!

Bork/Korb, DI KDC
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Brian Harris
Board of Directors (Charity Auction)
Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the fan community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY in 1997 and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has directed the Anthrocon Charity Auction for twelve years and this will be his ninth year as DJ.

Calaver
Dance/AV
It was a dark and stormy night. Some guy named Ben popped out of the ground and it started raining puppies and hamburger. Ben grew up to be in Army Men and never jumped out of a plane. Then he started working for Dr. Conway and never looked back.

Callista
Art Show
Six credits away from a Masters in Creative Writing, this creative squirrel also spends her time promoting Furo TCG and The Rabbit Hole for Seppel! Between helping the Art Show and manning Dealer Table D13, she'll have a looong Anthrocon weekend.

Carol Gobeyn, D.I.
Security
As a member of the Dorsai Irregulars, this will be my eighth Anthrocon. I have been active in Science Fiction fandom for many years and I am glad that we've branched out into Furry Fandom. Besides staffing at Anthrocon, the DI are also staffing FurFright and FCN. We have also had a presence at the past two Megaplexes. In my spare time, I work as an Executive Assistant for a not-for-profit, read, garden, sew, and try to spend as much time as possible with my husband, Renegade (Chief of Security), daughters, their husbands, and my two delightful grandchildren.

Chanur
Operations
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Chiaroscuro
Board of Directors (Registration)
Chiaroscuro is back for his tenth year at Anthrocon. Because he keeps showing up, they keep giving him things to do. He's cooking, either for a living or for his roommate. You can usually spot him by the chef outfit, and ♪*Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down, never gonna run around and desert you* ♪

Chris
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Corvin / Cryo Cyberwolf
Operations
One seriously armored arctic wolf with a really awesome freeze ray!

Crimson
Dance/AV
Cave Lupum

Croc
Promotions
Croc has been around the furry scene long enough to remember when fursuits were still a niche item. His first con was the long-forgotten ConFurence East 1 and this year he's excited to be DJing at AC, Eurofurence, and Rainfurrest for the first time.

He's also a dedicated suiter and will be bringing his friends Avery, Blooper, and Camper with him to terrori... er, enjoy beautiful Pittsburgh. Feel free to engage them in social discourse but guard your food and valuables carefully.

Crossbow
Art Show
Art Show junkie and Hugmonster's main squeeze, back for another year.

Da’ Bear Tabb
Security
With my con hat on, my Camelpack on my back, and my girl at my side, I am ready for another con.

Dan Jarrell, D.I.
Security
This is my third Anthrocon and my fourth Furry Convention working with or as a DI. I’ve grown quite fond of this particular, and some would say peculiar, branch of fandom. None-the-less, I think you are some of the most creative, energetic, and fun folk walking on two (or more) legs.

Perhaps the heroes in my own furry-universe will be a part of this world some day.

Have fun. Stay safe.

Dan Skunk
Art Show
I’ve always been a furry but only found the fandom in 2004 by accident. Since then, I’ve been attending conventions and furmeets and helping organize them and made many very good friends. I also run *ontariofurries.ca* to help other furs from Ontario find each other.

I joined staff to give something back for everything that Anthrocon has given me over the years and help others experience the same wonder and magic that I have.

Danruk
Charity Auction, Masquerade
Danruk is a friendly and bouncy kangaroo that can often be seen carrying what has been referred to as “The Roo plush of many badges” around AC a lot. He’s been an AC attendee and staff member gladly helping out in many years.

He’s further proud that he’s encouraged past AC volunteers in recent years who have now also moved into staff positions and help the con even further.

This year, Danruk is looking to repeat his assistance with Rigel and company at the Charity Auction and Raffle area, tucked in the same large space as the Dealers and Artist Alley, all in one very convenient location.

He’ll also hope to be hiding backstage again causing mischief during the Fursuit Masquerade show on Saturday. Danruk, pulling a triple-threat this year, plans to also be co-hosting a fan-panel the return-of-the-return of Marsupial Madness, with FuzzyRoo.

Dari
Registration
A humble fellow of conflicting alter-egos back for more, though also to escape the fur-scorching Arizona summer for a weekend!

Darkclaw
Internet Room
Darkclaw has been helping/hassling Tigerwolf with the running of Anthrocon’s internet room since 2000. A FurryMUCKer since 1997, Darkclaw can still be found there today, snuffling around for much-needed Wolf_Snax™. A regular visitor to the USA, Darkclaw resides in Skegness, England.

DataHawk
Dealers’ Room
She’s not really here. She’s just a figment of your imagination. Carry on.

Dave
Artists’ Alley
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

David M Stein, DI
Security
Void where prohibited.

Decker
Operations
tinyurl.com/5q4sdy

Deja
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Delphi_Vinn
Artists’ Alley
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Derecho
Registration
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Devin
Dealers’ Room
A Chicago native that comes all the way to Pittsburgh to work for Kyttin in the dealers room. I also work at MFF as a “Jack-booted Thug” on the Security Staff.

Dex / Tenkai (Clarke Braudis)
Masquerade
My name is Dex, a fun loving and sneaky raccoon sent here to dance and entertain you all.

On the serious side (if there is one), my name is Clarke and I have been in the fandom since 2003. Being a professional magician for over 20 years, I lend my paw to amazing and astounding congoers of all types. I also have been known to dance a bit, but mostly having fun and making sure everyone is having a good time.

Also look out for Tenkai, the fun loving Husky.

Didaskalos
Art Show
“Didaskalos” is a recording and performing artist; he travels the country reciting traditional heroic poetry in Greek, Latin, and Old English. If all goes well, he will be adding sound-files to the Perseus project at Tufts, sailing around the Mediterranean visiting the sites associated with the Homeric heroes, and researching the role of heroic poetry in the formation of adolescent male gender/cultural/etc identities. At Anthrocon, he will perform “The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice!”

Donna Long
Security
I missed y’all last year but I’m back for my 7th Anthrocon. I’ve been really looking forward to seeing our Fur Family & Friends. AC is our family vacation, you guessed it, I don’t know how to handle sit-on-the-beach style vacations. This is *much* more fun, thank you!

E.T. VIDEOGAME
NUTSARWII

© Wolfie DarkWolfie

The 1980’s

In the 80’s, big budget adaptations of sci-fi literary properties such as Frank Herbert’s *Dune*, Arthur C. Clarke’s *2010* and Alex Raymond’s *Flash Gordon* tanked in the box-office, dissuading producers from investing in such works again. Aliens remained a menacing feature of the movies with the release of *Predator* (1987), yet could still be cute and cuddly (sorta) with *E.T., the Extraterrestrial* (1982) despite the fact that a video-game based off the movie nearly took down the entire gaming industry.

Draconum
Dance/AV
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

DragonBoy
Dance/AV
DragonBoy is back at Anthrocon for his tenth year in a row, quietly working behind the scenes with the A/V team to keep things running smoothly. A past Anthrocon DJ, DragonBoy has also played live at other conventions including MFM, MFF, FA:U, FWA, FCN, RCFM, and many of Elliott’s Live Events. This year is no exception, as you will find him at Anthrocon’s dance dropping his own live mix of funky beats and breaks.

Duncan da Husky
Artists’ Alley
Duncan is celebrating his seventh year of working in Artists Alley at Anthrocon. In his spare time, he serves as chairman of Midwest FurFest. Duncan lives in the northern suburbs of Chicago with Takaza, his husband of ten years.

DV
Dance/AV
With many thanks and much love to my friends and family.

la bonne musique fait la vie en valeur le roulement.

Ed Holohan (Nius)
Dance/AV
Nius is the Production Manager for Neofelis Communications, and keeps the video crew running here at Anthrocon. Ed is a telecommunications engineer who designs educational research networks for Virginia Tech.

Edward "Quazy" Guida
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

ekim flow
Art Show, Registration
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Eric Long, DI
Security
And this year makes eight. Every year has been more fun than the last.

Erika "Chilly" Rosengarten
Operations
Erika is a professional illustrator, sign maker, costume designer, and character performer from Long Island, NY. She currently resides in Central Virginia, and happily participated as a Guest of Honor at Midwest Furfest 2007. Past work of hers includes painted displays for Trader Joe's, commercial graphics, and the 2007 and 2008 Midwest Furfest websites. To view work of hers, please visit *chillymouse.artspots.com*, or write *chillymouse@gmail.com*.

Erin Washington (AlphaWolf)
Dance/AV
Yes, I am here. I'm in the big room with the loud noises and the flashy lights. (No, not Kage's room). I'm here to make sure that people have fun, much the same that I do every day with multiple cultural festivals, lectures, and movies.

I live in sunny Anaheim, California, and work at the largest museum in Orange County. I've been attending Anthrocon for ten years now, and volunteering for nine of them. Refrigerator.

Falbert Forester
Art Show
Falbert Forester is a Maine Coon Cat from northern Maine.

(Working the Art Show is fun! We need volunteers! Come see the pretty pictures!)

Fallout
Art Show
Let the games begin.

Fox Connor
Dance/AV
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Frostbite (Chris Saia)
Artists' Alley
Returning to the Pittsburgh sun from his cool, dimly lit den in the Boston area for his fourth consecutive Anthrocon, Frosty has emerged for his third straight year helping keep the Artist Alley / Con Store lines humming. He'll be taking a break for Megaplex and FurFright this year before getting back behind the Artist Alley staff table for Midwest FurFest this November.

Furp (Patrick Reed)
Operations

November 8, 1979 – February 18, 2009

Galen
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Gary Bratzel, DI
Security
Gary has been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1997. He has a great appreciation for both vintage port and vintage weird fiction. Gary has worked in computer security for over a decade now and has forgotten more about cryptography and firewalls than most people will ever know. When not securing systems in some far corner of the world, he is an active gamer and constantly planning his next big trip *somewhere* around the globe...currently Peru is sounding very nice.

Geemo
Artists' Alley
Geemo is a Florida Fur-transplant. The dracomutt lives in Milwaukee with his partner Seph, roomie Quinn, and Quinn's cat, Chance. He's been furry since 1998 and his first con was Anthrocon 2000. When he's not at work being an engineer, he's at home being a geek. Geemo would like to commend the David L. Lawrence Convention Center for achieving the U.S. Green Building Council's LEED Gold rating in 2003. Learn more at *usgbc.org*!

Gir Tygrin (Jonathan Wilson)
Operations
Gir is Chairman of Furry Connection North, Admin of *Midwestfurries.com*, Co-host of Method1, a costumer, a Volvo enthusiast, an audiophile, a Business Analyst, an amateur DJ, shooting enthusiast, and last but not least a tiger. He enjoys cooking, martinis, sushi, scotch, and good conversation.

Giza (Douglas Muth)
Board of Directors (Operations)
Software Engineer, Drupal advocate, furry fan, WikiFur admin, Anthrocon organizer, Dorsai Irregular. *@dmuth* on Twitter.

Glen "Swift Fox" Rockhill
Programming
Swift Fox has transferred his talents of organization to coordinating the Table-top Gaming Track portion of Anthrocon's Programming. A member of the fandom and Anthrocon attendee for over a decade, "Swift" is best known for his portrayal of Ashes the Dalmatian, his efforts with the Western PA Furry Weekend and other local Pittsburgh Fur Meets. Check out the Table-top Gaming Schedule or stop by the room in the DLCC and see what he's gathered together to help make your weekend more enjoyable.

Grandma Kage
Operations
Mother of Anthrocon's chairman and a dedicated staff member since 1999. As a Furry parent, she's the go-to gal for your parents if you drag them along to the convention with you. She'll make sure they have a good time while you are off doing your thing. Just be ready with the bail money.

GrayWolf
Dance/AV
Electrical engineering student hailing from a university among the cornfields of Indiana; offering his technical assistance to the ballroom video crew.

Greyse
Art Show
I had so much fun at it last year that I'm back for another year of helping out at the Anthrocon Art Show! Locally, I co-direct the Confluence Art Show.

Growly
Registration
Growly has been in the furry fandom since 1999 and has volunteered for Anthrocon the two years he has gone (2007 and 2008). In 2008, he volunteered most of his time at Registration, making sure the attendees received their badges and information packets.

If you happen to see him at Registration or see him in his fursuit sporting his multiple badges and showing his trademark peace sign, feel free to say hi to him!

Halina K. Harding, D.O., D.I.
Security
Back after a year's hiatus from Anthrocon because of a new job, Dr. Harding is now in her third term as President of the Dorsai Irregulars. She likes coming to Anthrocon as it allows her an escape from her teenage son. "This security work is a cinch comparatively." Maybe this year she can stay for the after-con party.

Heathyr Lamb
Security
Heathyr Lamb lives in sunny Florida. She has been attending conventions since the late 70's and is not shocked by any behavior she sees. We think you should take this as a challenge, but be warned: she is short and therefore a very dangerous and vindictive person. She leads with her left, and has been known to hit below the belt.

Hugmonster
Art Show
Okay, so last year didn't scare me away. Thank you to all the folks that made me feel welcome.

James J. Walton, DI
Security
I like Fandom in its various flavors, attending conventions, craft brewed beer, reading science fiction and fantasy, computer games, and human women. On occassion I've been able to combine two or more of these.

Jason Murdock
Charity Auction, Security
I am what I am, and I have no idea what that is.

Jear Rose
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Jenna Hoyer
Security
A little sugar, a little spice, and most things nice.

Jesse "Tango" Stringer
Artists' Alley, Charity Auction
Tango's been attending Anthrocon since 2001 and has been staff since 2002. He's worked Operations, Artists' Alley/Con Store, and Masquerade/Charity Auction—sometimes all in the same year. When he realized that was wearing him out, he began cutting back and giving more time to one department. After a year of that, the roach asked Tango to split his efforts again, and so the husky-wolf mutt finds himself with additional-yet-familiar duties. If you want to catch him, check in the Dealer's Room, Artists' Alley, and Con Store areas. Oh, and there's a good chance he'll be in Ops when he's off duty.

Jessie Tracer (Electric Keet)
Publications
Sometimes our lives veer enigmatically. Treasure heady experiences. Perhaps opportunies come knocking; embrace them! Present reality often generates randomness and mayhem. Add, never diminish. Truly, Eris loves laughter. Madness encroaching? Take heed, explorer. Adventures never satisfy when easy, right? Truly outrageous. Getting extra thrilled? Awesome. Perhaps realize — it's zen enlightenment!

Jo Hall
Security
Joanne Hall (Froggie). Not a Dorsai (just seen hanging around with them all the time — rather unavoidable since am married to one). Picked up the DI's bad habits so can often be found helping out at cons putting many years of convention experience to good use. Just look for the short woman in a red shirt... no, wait... that's like looking for a bearded burly guy in red shirt. Just look for Froggie.

John "Bear" Hall D.I.
Security
Bear has worked more Anthrocon security details than he'd care to remember, but for some reason he keeps volunteering. This shows that he is, like most bears, rotund and personable but none too smart.

John "K.P." Cole
Board of Directors (Masquerade, Programming)
K.P. is Anthrocon's Programming Director and Masquerade Director. Currently residing in Orlando, Florida, K.P. is a longtime fursuiter and an active cast member of the Funday Pawpet Show. An Anthrocon member since 1999, K.P. strives to bring variety and innovative ideas to Anthrocon progamming. As a fursuiter and puppeteer, he has frequently performed at Give Kids the World and other children's charities in central Florida. If you see him running around the convention, feel free to say hello and introduce yourself.

John Lindgren (Joatmon)
Art Show
Having been into cartoons and animation since I was four, I now have 47 years of trivia and bad theme songs stuck in my head. Once I found out about furry cons, I found an outlet for all of my animation craziness. This is my 11th Anthrocon and I think my 40th geek style con in my life. That includes the original Star Trek cons from the 70's and Worldcons from the 80's. If you have any questions about toons or just want to talk about the good old toon days, stop by the art show. Maybe you'll find a picture that speaks to you. Have fun.

Justin P. Reese (The Sonic God)
Registration
I believe that Anthrocon is one of the great moments of my life, where I can be with friends and family, and enjoy the same things that others do. It's a chance to get away from it all; the daily stresses of life. I love the people here and have made some of the best friends I've ever had at Anthrocon. I can't thank the people here enough. I really have wonderful experiences here.

Kaelyn McQuinn
Security
Glad to be here!

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)
Board of Directors (Publications)
Karl has been an enthusiastic participant in furry fandom since 1993 and an attendee of every Anthrocon since its beginning in 1997. Always happy to help out, this is his sixth year serving as Publications Director. In his free time, he enjoys riding his recumbent bicycle, exploring abandoned buildings, and yak worshipping.

Kasi Frost
Operations
Kasi Frost is a freelance IT/web consultant and furry/anime/costuming convention organizer from Bristol, Connecticut. Kasi enjoys costume design, pop-alt culture (rave, goth, scf-fi/fantasy) and small business projects. Her personal interest in fantasy costuming, photography, emerging culture, and travel make her a community resource for networking and collaboration for newcomers to kigurumi and furry.

© Wolfie DarkWolfie

The 1990's

The 90's showed an increase in the prevalence of computerized special effects and CGI in the creation of sci-fi movies. The world was still under constant threat of imminent invasion by aliens; some looking like skit characters from nighttime variety shows from the 70's to some slime-covered creepy crawlies that only guys in black suits could eradicate. Still, for the really big baddies, it took much more to get rid of them...two guys with a refurbed spaceship, a MacBook, and two cigars.

Kat Porath
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Kay Jarrell D.I.
Security
Kay is active in several fandoms; 3+ decades in the SCA, 2 decades (almost exactly) in science fiction fandom, and now 3 years helping with Furry conventions. Why? Because all three come with a chance to make interesting costumes, meet unusual, stimulating people, and read strange and provocative things. Why am I working Security at Anthrocon? Partly because it is like being the chaperone at the weirdest high school dance *ever*.

Ken Huckle (Anthro Wolf)
Art Show
insert fun little biography here :)

But no, really, I'm a friendly guy. Feel free to interact with me. I promise I'm not *too* terribly crazy.

Kevin Corcoran (SpotWeld)
Art Show
Most of the time Kevin is an aircraft engineer, but he's been a fan of science fiction and fantasy for pretty much all his life. It's not a surprise that he's working as staff at Anthrocon. If that wasn't enough, he also runs the gaming room at New England's Halloween furrycon, FurFright.

Kevin Kane (Leo)
Dance/AV
Leo returns again to the Video crew as a plot to get good seats for all the main stage events. When he's not at conventions, he works as a software development engineer for a Redmond-based software company you've probably heard of, in order to support the extravagant lifestyle of his two cats.

Krin
Registration
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Kyreeth
Programming
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Kristina "buni! =n.n=" Tracer
Programming, Publications
The buni that can be explained
Is not the whole buni.
The story that can be written
Is not the whole story.

When people see some stories as passionate,
other stories become trite.
When people see some stories as well-written,
other stories become Iron Author submissions.

Signifier and signified create each other.
Structure and narrative support each other.
Novel and flash define each other.
Plot and character depend on each other.
Prequel and sequel follow each other.

Therefore the Buni
narrates without writing anything
and teaches without explaining anything.
Stories arise and she lets them come;
Stories disappear and she lets them go.
She creates but doesn't publish,
Shows but doesn't tell.
When her work is done, she forgets it.
That is why it lasts forever.

Laurence "GreenReaper" Parry
Operations
Small fuzzy green creature. Like cheese, carrots. Often found behind a lens, editing wiki pages, or lurking in the lost property box. Approach with caution.

Lincoln "JBadger" Kliman
Programming
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Major Matt Mason
Registration
The hat... the 'stache... the legend. ;D

Mark Osier
Security
"Musician, mercenary, and mad scientist. Obviously one of the Dorsai Irregulars."

Marnie Gucciard
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Max Sprinkle
Security
As the Dorsai's newest inductee, Max is thrilled to be back at Anthro sporting his new headgear. In the mundane world, Max is a forklift driver by night, technical theatre consultant by day. His other hobbies include quilting, jewelry making, paintball and brewing rootbeer.

Mike "Alien" Garrison
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Mike "Gooch" Gucciard DI
Security
Shai Dorsai.

Where we're needed, when we're needed!

Mike Shardo
Programming
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Minty Freshness
Programming
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Mrianti
Charity Auction
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Murray Porath, DI
Security
Long time fan. Long time filker. Long time DI. First Anthrocon.

Nik Vulper
Registration
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Norman Rafferty
Publications
Norman Rafferty has been active with Anthrocon since 1998, serving as an illustrator, volunteer, speaker, and media liaison. In his off hours, he works as an award-winning writer and illustrator, where he serves the greater good as the fearless imperator of Sanguine Productions Limited. His most notable projects are the *Ironclaw*, *Jadeclaw*, *Albedo*, and *Usagi* Games.

Panda
Programming
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Panzier
Internet Room
Another wild and crazy year, I'm loosing count of how many but that's all good! Looking forward to meeting new friends and raising a toast to those that have moved on before us. Be well and be safe and we'll see you there, stop by the internet tube room and say hello!

Pathia (Rachel Owens)
Programming

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END TRANSMISSION
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PeterCat
Board of Directors (Art Show)
Intrigued by the late-80s CBS series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He's Anthrocon's representative to the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association, which administers the Ursa Major Awards *ursamajorawards.org*. He also runs the Furry InfoPage web site *tigerden.com/infopage/furry* and, using the professional name Peter Katt, has started a career as freelance voice talent *peterkattvoice.com*. He can often be heard on Will Sanborn's "Anthro Dreams" podcast.

Rama
Artists' Alley
Returning back to the Artist Alley, Rama has been in the fandom for over a decade now. During the year, he staffs multiple conventions because he's weird like that. When not giving up his weekends, he lives and works as a computer programmer in the St Louis area with his partner and their dog.

RB
Programming
This bear from Kansas is back for another year of staffing at Anthrocon. What does "RB" stand for anyway?

Renegade
Security
Furry on the inside.

The story that I was raised by wolves is an exaggeration, they were really wolverines. Now that I work for the University of Michigan, this seems somehow appropriate. The rumor that I kill and eat my young: this is easily disproved as Heathyr and Bookie are both my daughters and are working here. We won't talk about the two nobody *ever* sees. I've been attending SF Cons since '75 and was inducted into the Dorsai in '77. This will be my eighth year heading up Anthrocon Security.

Rissani
Dealers' Room
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Roman/Sirius
Dance/AV
I entered fandom for the spirituality aspect of things. It's been great meeting so many people that have such varied interests; there's never a shortage of people to get to know and become friends with. If you've got questions regarding Nature of Shamanism, just consider me a resource.

Rooth
Artists' Alley
Rooth, AKA Rooth'ragon or Rooth'roo, has been a member of the community since 1990. He has attended many conventions and volunteered at several, including his first visit to AC in 2006. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes, particularly of the dragon or kangaroo variety.

He lives in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a senior IT professional. Find him near Artists' Alley as a blue-maned white dragon with a fuzzly tail tip.

Rukario
Programming
As part of the Furry Community since 2007, Rukario is an active fursuiter, panelist and lends helping paws at all conventions that he attends. Currently residing in New York, Rukario is an entrenpreneur and a full time college student at the University of Phoenix where he is going for his BA in Information Technology.

Russ Herschler
Security
Russ is a graphic designer from Detroit, Michigan. He specializes in large format graphics, including trade show displays, building wraps, vehicle graphics and wraps, and other ridiculously large design and graphics. He also is the owner of 'Motor City Buttons'.

Samuel Conway (Uncle Kage)
Board of Directors (Chairman)
CEO of Anthrocon, Inc., and chairman of Anthrocon since 1998. He is best known in the fandom as a storyteller, but is also a scientist, a hack writer, and a lover of Japanese sake. During Anthrocon, he is always very busy and does not often have time to stop and chat; therefore, if you'd like to engage him in conversation, you'd best be able to keep up with him.

Samuel Conway Sr. (Grandpa Kage)
Operations
Father of Anthrocon's chairman and a dedicated staff member since 1999. A former US Army drill sergeant, he's the quiet half of the "Grandma and Grandpa Kage" crew. Remember what they say about the quiet ones, though!

Sandy Schreiber Bratzel
Security
Sandy has happily attended Anthrocon for years as an Artist, a Dealer, and as one of the Dorsai Irregular 'Folk' (not members, but regular volunteers and aides). Her work can been seen in the Art Shows of many Furry and SF cons around the country. When not working Security, she can be found at her dealer's table or hanging out with her fellow artists.

Scott "Talyn" Williams
Operations
Talyn, a wolf/husky residing in Norfolk, VA.

Gamer and obsessive organizer, but not much else to his merit. :P

(He's too modest. srsly.)

Scruffy
Art Show, Dealers' Room
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

ShiroTora (James Eden)
Art Show, Artists' Alley
ShiroTora is an unusually tall anthropomorphic white tiger cleverly disguised as an unusually tall human. He has attended every Anthrocon so far and been Art Show staff for most of them. He dabbles in writing, graphic art, woodwork, and sculpture. Oh, and don't forget buttons (*twistedbuttons.com*) the more punny the better. ShiroTora may age and mature, but refuses to grow up. ShiroTora wonders if anyone reads these things. ShiroTora wrote his bio in the third person.

"Sgt." Steve Simmons
Security
Beware! Under that kindly, grandfatherly demeanor is a grandfather armed with rolled up newspapers and a thagomizer.

Shy Matsi
Artists' Alley
This year marks Shy's 10th Anthrocon and he is happy to be helping out on staff for a second year in the Artists' Alley. Shy lives in central New Jersey, regularly attends conventions and enjoys volunteering. In his spare time, he works on his website, Furry4Life.

Silaria
Operations
Silaria, from Pittsburgh, PA, is joining Anthrocon's staff for the first time this year and is assisting in Operations. She has been involved with the fandom since 2000 and is very active as a puppeteer. Over the years, she has presented Looney Labs game demos and shared her interest in astronomy with the Astronofur star parties.

Simba Lion
Board of Directors (Dance/AV)
Steve feels uncomfortable talking about himself in the third person. Steve hopes you find this bio somewhat amusing. Steve asks that you please buckle your seat belt and keep all hands, paws, ears, and tails inside the car at all times. Please do not attempt to exit the ride until Anthrocon has come to a complete stop.

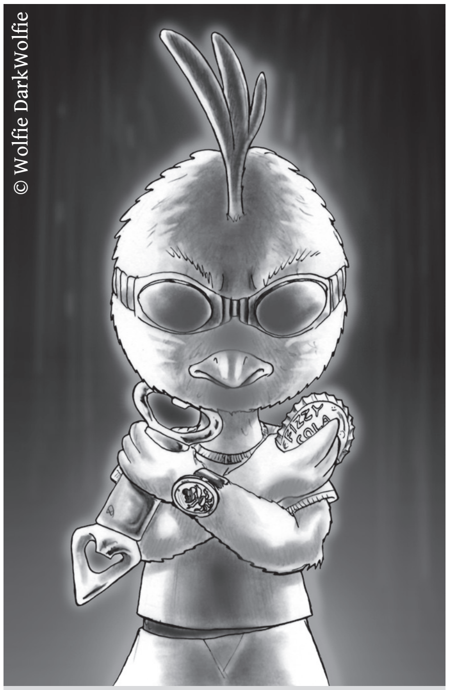
Snowie
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Stahi
Charity Auction, Masquerade
Yep, it's me again. \o/

Steve Hoyer
Security
Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions. Small people always do that, but the really great make you feel that you, too, can become great. —Mark Twain

Steve Simmons
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Takaza
Operations
Takaza has been working cons for many years, helping out where need be to help bring an enjoyable experience to the folks who attend the conventions. You may see him, you may not, but rest assured, he's working for you!



2000 and Beyond

As the decade began, computer generated images became the usual and cheaper path for the creation of special effect, alien casting, and full blown animated movies. While Earth was still the occasional target of alien invasion, most were content to inhabit and cause havoc on far-away worlds. Today, alien movies, and sci-fi in general returns as a tool for social and politcal commentary, and hopefully the stories and messages found in such movies will not fade in the glare of increasingly dazzling effects. And yes, that's Chicken Little done up as Riddick.

T-Chall
Operations
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

The Fellow K'onspirator
Security
This image and this text are classified.

The Foxish
Dealers' Room
Coming back one more time, The Foxish brings his rare breed of sarcasm, high tolerance for pain, and a thin streak of masochism into the Dealers' Room for his seventh tour of duty! Find him sitting at the staff table there, clutching his head and wondering "why, oh, why?" And then offer him some caffeine. He likes the caffeine.

Tigerwolf
Board of Directors (Internet Room)
Tigerwolf is a retired US Air Force flight test program manager/engineer and flight-rated senior navigator. Although a furry inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in January 1994 as an all-furry ISP in order to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry conventions, web and muck online game hosting, and individual accounts for those

lacking other facilities. We've also provided Internet access for victims of hurricanes Katrina and Gustav, and during the extended power outages from windstorms in Ohio.

Tina
Security
I am a member of the Dorsai. This will be my sixth Anthrocon. I love being at this convention. Furries rule!

Triggur
Board of Directors (Promotions)
You did not see a bio here. It was a satellite. It was a helicopter. It was a weather balloon. It was swamp gas. But it was most definitely not a bio. Now if you'll just look at this device for a moment... **FLASH**

Trouble
Security
A skilled and hard-working staffer who was abducted by aliens before sending in a bio.

Tyrrlin
Registration
Tyrrlin has been an attendee of Anthrocon since 2005 and absolutely loves the convention! Look for her smiling face on Thursday at Sponsor/Supersponsor pre-registration, her art in the Art Show, and her gryphon fursuit in the parade.

Uncle Vlad
Dealers' Room
Uncle Vlad continues to hate autobiographies, so this is what you get to read. If you want some actual information, find him and ask.

Uzanti
Dealers' Room
Likely one of the taller dragons you're going to come across. Uzanti, or Uzi as he prefers to go by, is 6'7" and from London, Ontario. Kinda was dragged into staff by friends but is enjoying every minute of it and will likely continue helping out where he can at the cons he goes to. Although tall he has been told he's very approachable and friendly so be sure to say hi.

Wag!
Artists' Alley
Prior to the convention, Wag! spent all day and night barricaded in his room watching reruns of *Quantum Leap*, *Murphy Brown*, and *The Golden Girls*, leaving only to replenish his supply of Arby's. He learned of an intervention planned on July 3rd (presumably to coax him to rejoin society outside of late 80s television) and decided to preemptively flee his home city of Philadelphia. If he looks sad working in the Artists' Alley, know that he only longs for the company of Scott Bakula and Candice Bergen... or at least a delicious Roastburger.

William "Terra" Conde
Art Show, Programming, Registration
Student pharmacist by day, quirky furball by night. Shares a strange vocational lineage with Kage; hopes to also get into comedy or acting. Known to write very furry things under the pen name "TwilitDawnKnown." Future researcher in the areas of hypnotherapy and neuroscience—'til then, he dabbles in just about everything else. Believes in AC for the gathering opportunity it provides to dear friends separated only by geography.

Wolfie Darkwolfie
Publications
Wolfie is still an artist/writer/singer from Hasslechusetts and his work can be seen here in the pages of this conbook to which he's inextricably bound as his parole has been again denied. He's still happily married to a certain polarbearess. He's instigated the bloodiest wars in history just for a smidgen of cheese.

Wyldekyttin
Board of Directors (Dealers' Room)
Once upon a time, a strange girl thought, "But how can I give back to this group of my friends? I do not draw or write or create, what would be of help?" Then she was whacked in the head with an organization stick. "I could run a department, hmmm." And so now she runs a dealer room. Some would even argue for fun.

Perhaps she should just learn to draw tails on stick figures. ;)

YappyFox
Programming
The Red Fox that makes a lot of noise, leading the Fursuit Parade every AC since Albany '97!

This conbook was composed by the Anthrocon Publications Department, P. O. Box 4211, Leesburg, VA 20177. Inside layout was prepared using Adobe InDesign 6.0.2.

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The headings of this conbook are set in Plasmatica. The main text is Gentium Book Basic. Gentium is a typeface family created by Victor Gaultney. It was designed to enable the diverse ethnic groups around the world who use Latin and Greek scripts to produce readable, high-quality publications. The Gentium font families are freely available and may be used by anyone at no cost. They are released under the SIL Open Font License, which permits modification and redistribution. For more information visit *http://scripts.sil.org/Gentium*

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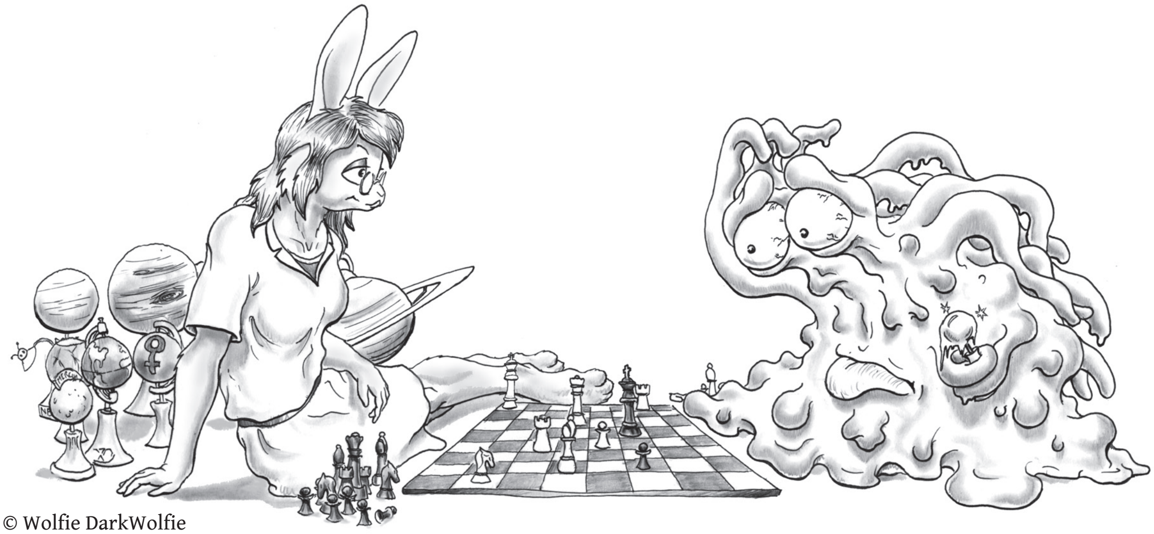

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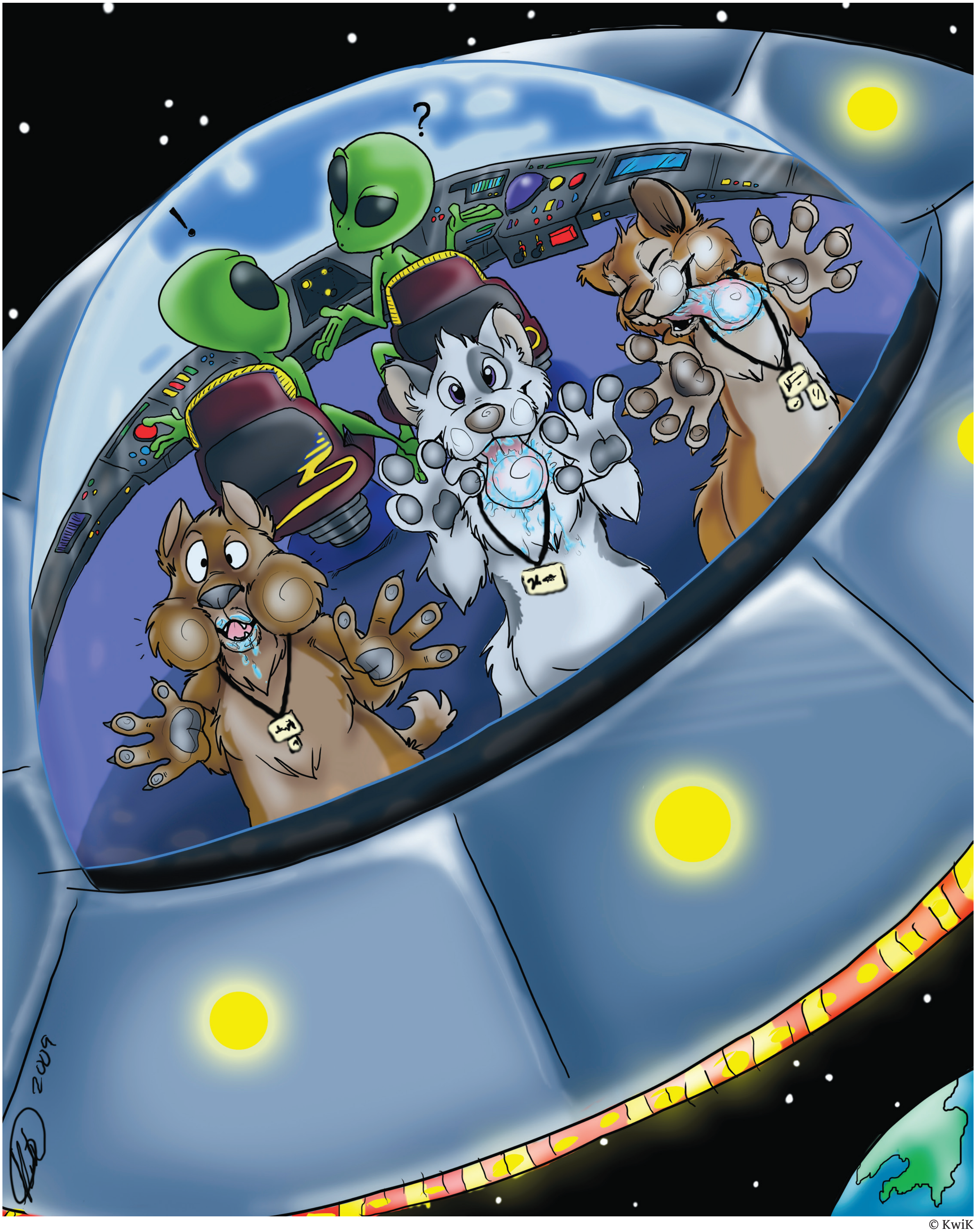

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